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Police Magazine

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Inside Facts in Fiction Form

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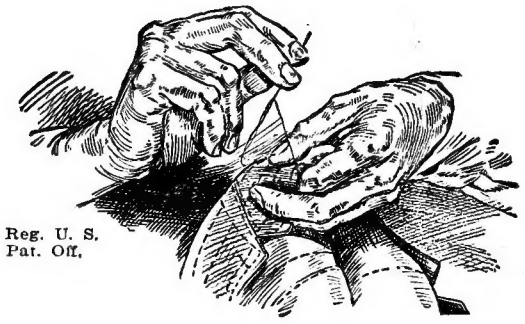

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Police Magazine

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July, 1925

E. C. CONOVER
Publisher

TH: NAST CRAWFORD
Editor

VOL. III

CONTENTS

No. 3

COVER DESIGN, "The Shadow of the Law"....F. A. RIDDLE

FRONTISPIECE....EUGENE M. FRANDZEN
Illustrating "Without Benefit of Consul"

THE PUBLIC NEVER KNEW....M. A. SCOTT 7
Illustrated with drawings by VERA CLERE

THE ARTISTIC TOUCH....GUY FOWLER 11
Illustrated with drawings by JAY MCARDLE

HONG-KONG FASHIONS IN CRIME....E. V. COWELL 14
Illustrated with photographs

A PERVERTED PERSONALITY....CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH 17
Illustrated with "Rogues' Gallery" photographs

AN ENDORSEMENT....CALVIN COOLIDGE 20

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE....HON. RICHARD E. ENRIGHT 21
Illustrated with exclusive photograph

JEWELS OR JAIL....DAVID CORNELL 23
Illustrated with drawings by ROSS WILLIAMS

COPS IN CAMP....ERROL E. HART 26
Illustrated with photographs from the New York Police Department

WHAT IS A KANGAROO? WHERE DOES GOD LIVE?....AN OLD PATROLMAN 29

THE SILENT WITNESS SPEAKS....WOLCOTT LECLEAR BEARD 30
Illustrated with photographs

THE HAND OF FATE CLOSES....."BARRY JAMES" 33
Illustrated with drawings by F. A. HAMILTON

A FRATERNITY OF ALIENS FOR AMERICANIZATION....JAMES J. DAVIS 36
Illustrated with photographs

EDITORIALS: COOPERATION; WITH PRIDE.... 38

OUR MODERN MOTOR MANIA....L. S. HASKELL 40
Illustrated with official drawings

DEEKA....JOHN T. ROWLAND 43
Illustrated with drawings by ALLAN JAMES

PROGRESS IN PROTECTION....DR. HENRY KNIGHT MILLER 46

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CONSUL....WARREN ELLIOT CARLETON 43
Illustrated with drawings by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

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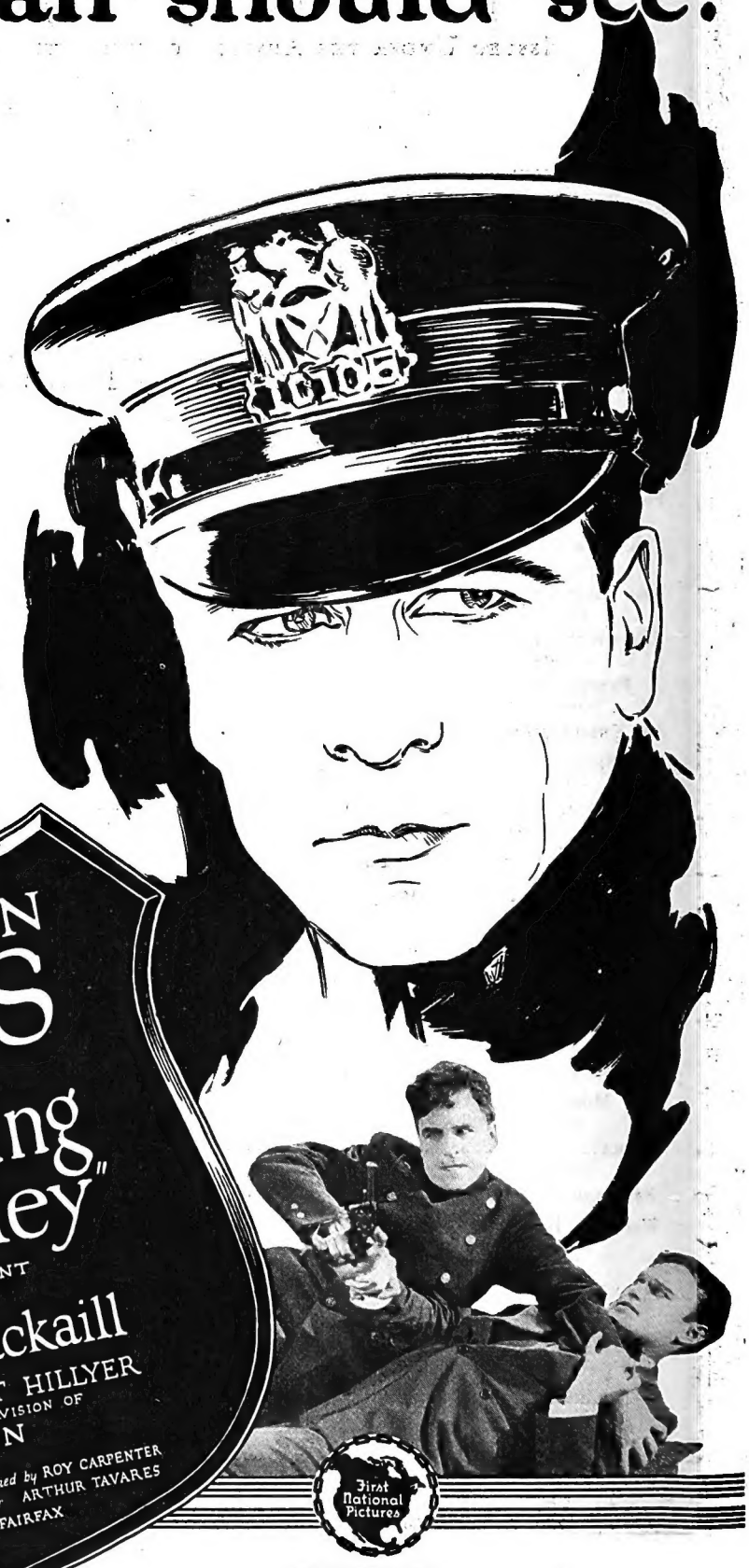

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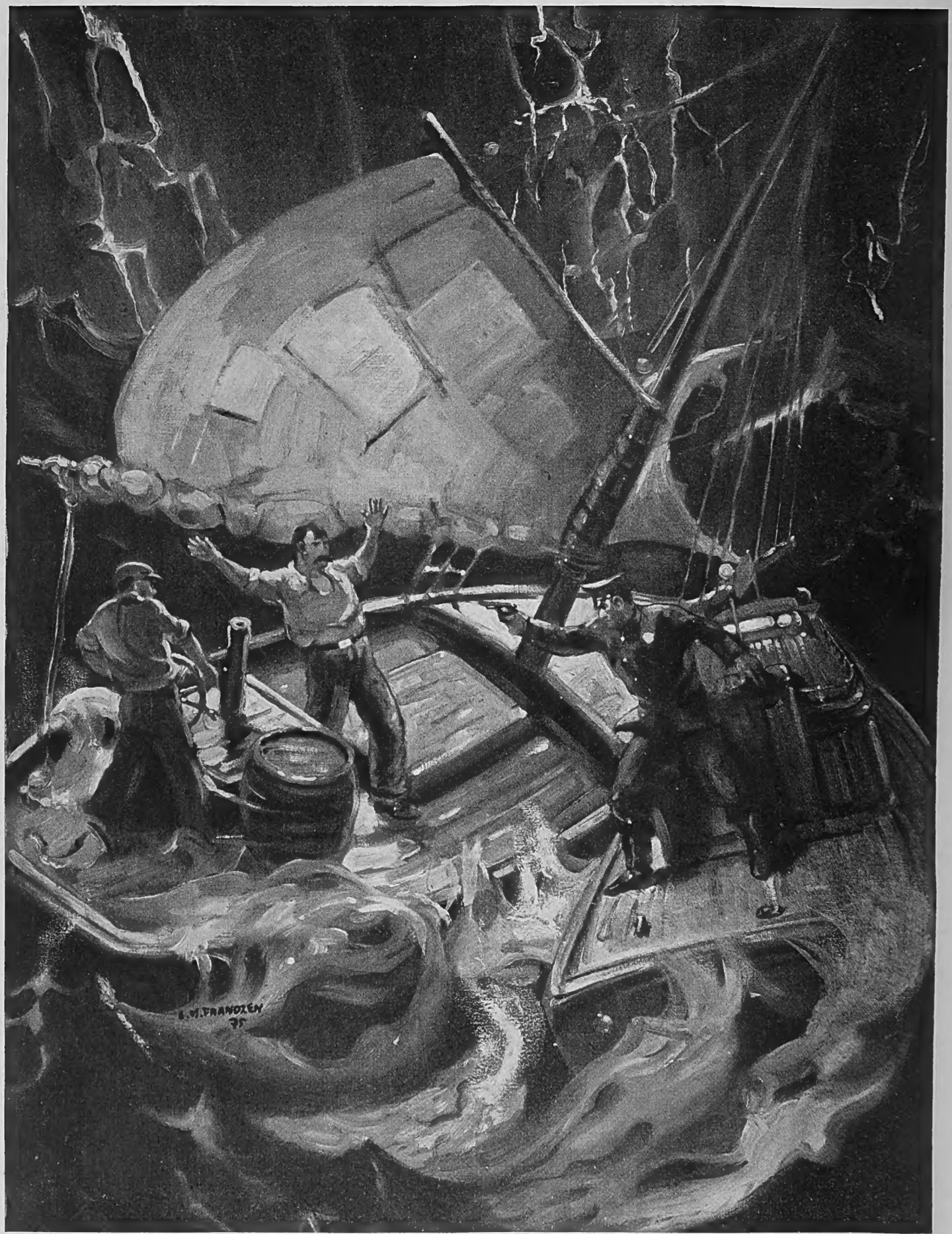

Drawn by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

"Tell me who you are—what's your business, running out here without lights."

(*See "Without Benefit of Consul," page* 48)

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POLICE MAGAZINE

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE
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NEW YORK,
July, 1925

Wide blue eyes looked solemnly out between long black lashes.

Vera Clere

The Public Never Knew

Complete Facts Have Not Heretofore Been Published. Even Now True Names Must Not Be Used

From facts recounted verbally by

Capt. J. H. Ayers

To

M. A. Scott

Illustrated by VERA CLERE

"WHAT I came to see you about is a question of public policy," said Inspector Dawson to the Commissioner.

"I received your kind word of congratulation for my work in the Higgins kidnapping. It's with reference to that case that I want to talk with you now.

"We have blown the latest opposition newspaper theory higher than a kite. I am convinced that I have established the identity of their so-called 'Higgins baby'. After you have heard my story I am going to propose that we officially report that we've dropped the case, even though it does invite more press criticism. Simply to say nothing will protect a life which would otherwise be indelibly smeared."

"This is interesting," said the Commissioner, turning half-round in his swivel chair so that the Inspector

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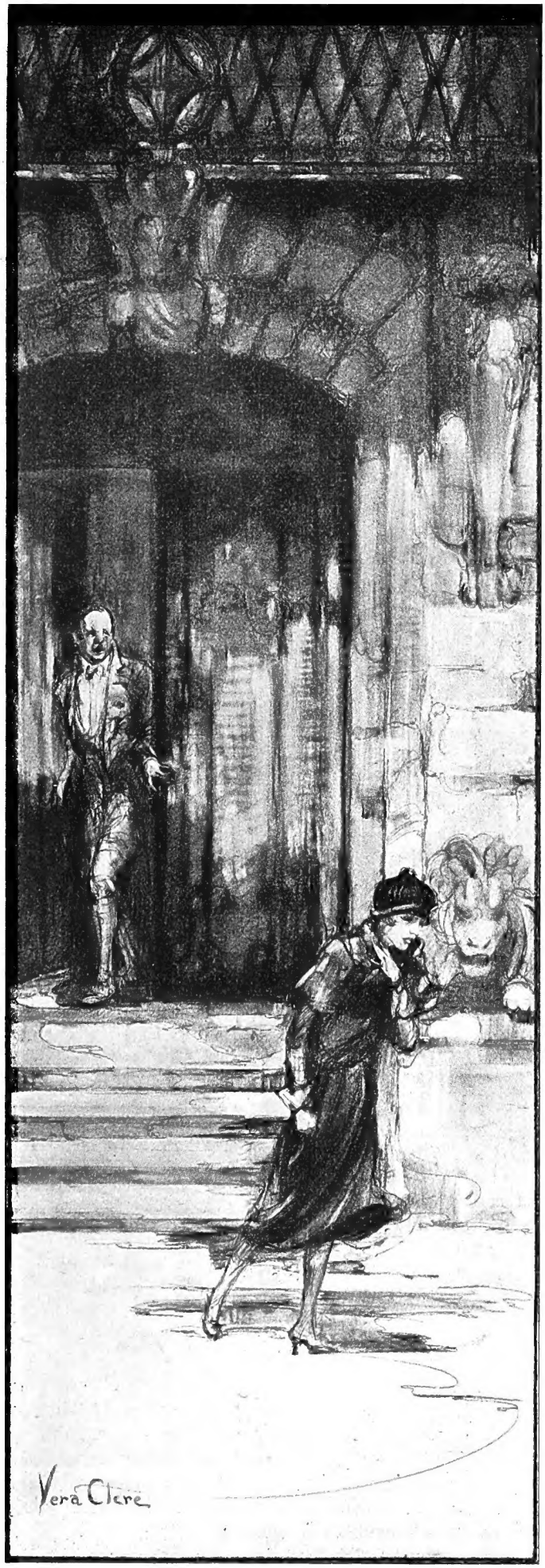

"Shall I call a taxi?"

might not see the kindly twinkle in his eye. "Mind you, I'm not asking for names, but do you really believe that the facts in the case warrant such an action?"

The Inspector reddened a bit. "Honestly, I do," he answered, "and there was no intention on my part of withholding any facts from you, but I have not entered my discovery in our records, and I shan't, unless you order otherwise."

"The baby is———"

The Inspector leaned far forward as he continued. His voice was of the low tone of important confidences.

The Commissioner frowned, both in amazement and disbelief.

He said nothing, but the Inspector was satisfied he had made a ten-strike as far as a revelation could affect the Commissioner.

"There are three so-called 'classes' of people involved in this tangle", began the Inspector, "as widely different as the neighborhoods in which they live."

"First, the Arlingtons—you remember, Commissioner, John Arthur Arlington, the famous painter—living on Riverside Drive; then Bill Higgins a taxi driver, and his wife, who live down near Manhattan Bridge; and finally, a darn good looking girl up on Fifth Avenue."

The Commissioner lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair.

I

When you live on Riverside Drive, the rent you pay does not cover alone the suite of ornamental rooms, constituting, in commonplace language, a housekeeping apartment, and one of the extras is a typical Manhattan folly—the use of a showy entrance lobby, gaudy with marble, candelabra, great jars and urns of Chinese design (but kilned in Brooklyn), and marble benches.

Tapestries hang from the walls. There is a battery of resplendent elevators, and the pretentious lobby is staffed with doormen and elevator men, wearing livery, all of whom are quick with "Yes, sirs" and "No, madames", and salutes—when there is anyone around to be impressed—provided they are tipped regularly.

But back of these gaudy exteriors, which appeal to our natural love of grandeur and display, there are many times real homes of culture and refinement—homes of people like the Arlingtons, who aren't in the Fifth and Park Avenue class, where money has been accumulated and handed down for generations, but who have good taste, high ideals, and the capacity for choosing and enjoying the worth while things of life.

The lobby of one of these ornate apartment buildings fronting on the Drive, somewhere in the nineties, was crowded one night with men and women in evening dress. They were waiting.

Presently another couple would appear, and this would renew the hubbub of gaiety. About nine o'clock, a moment after a limousine had stopped at the entrance, and another couple had joined the waiting throng, one gentleman, smiling, raised his voice.

"I believe we're all here now," he said. "We should be able to crowd into these three elevators and all reach the Arlington floor at one time.

"We're all to shout, as soon as the door opens, 'Hurrah for the Arlington baby!' But let's not make it too strong, for this surprise may be a bit trying for Mrs. Arlington.

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"The Flemings, who are upstairs keeping the Arlingtons at home for us, will indicate to us where we may leave our gifts for the baby. Now are we all ready?"

It was a terrific surprise for the Arlingtons! The great painter and his wife, faced by the band of celebrants, were for a moment sorry they had made the announcement.

There *was* no Arlington baby. They had merely said one was expected. Two days after this particular party they were to sail for the Italian Riviera, where they had taken a villa for the summer. The reason for their long sojourn was gleefully surmised by all their friends, and the Arlingtons had made no denial.

An Arlington baby would be such an extraordinary creature. The distinguished couple had longed for one *so* anxiously. Mrs. Arlington, herself an artist of no small reputation, had specialized in the painting of children, and it was the general belief that when the Arlington baby came along, it would be adorable. The care that it would receive and the love and thought which would be lavished on it would be the realest things in the Arlington's already significant lives.

There were not tables enough in the Arlington apartment to hold the gifts brought by the friends who had surprised them. Toys abounded, of course, and there were silver cups and spoons, and many articles of clothing—tiny hand-made dresses and caps, carriage robes of silk and lace, afghans, and dozens of baby pillows—all noticeably blue-ribboned. Surely the Arlington baby would be a girl! A girl would make a better model than a boy! She would be beautiful!

. . . . . .

The Arlingtons returned to New York in August—sooner than might have been expected. They had taken a White Star Liner, landing at Halifax and coming by train to New York.

They did not advise anyone of their plans and there was no one to meet them at the station. In fact, they were home for three days before they attempted to get in touch with their friends, finding, of course, that most of them were away at their mountain camps or in their cool country places in New York State and Connecticut.

But the baby was a beauty! Her hair was flaxen fair, but perhaps it would later darken like her mother's. Beneath the faint little eyebrows wide blue eyes looked solemnly out between long black lashes, gracefully curled. Tiny nose, puckered baby mouth, dainty chin and firm round cheeks would later change from "darlingness" to prettiness, but those understanding eyes of that depth of blue which does not change, would always stamp her beautiful——not merely pretty.

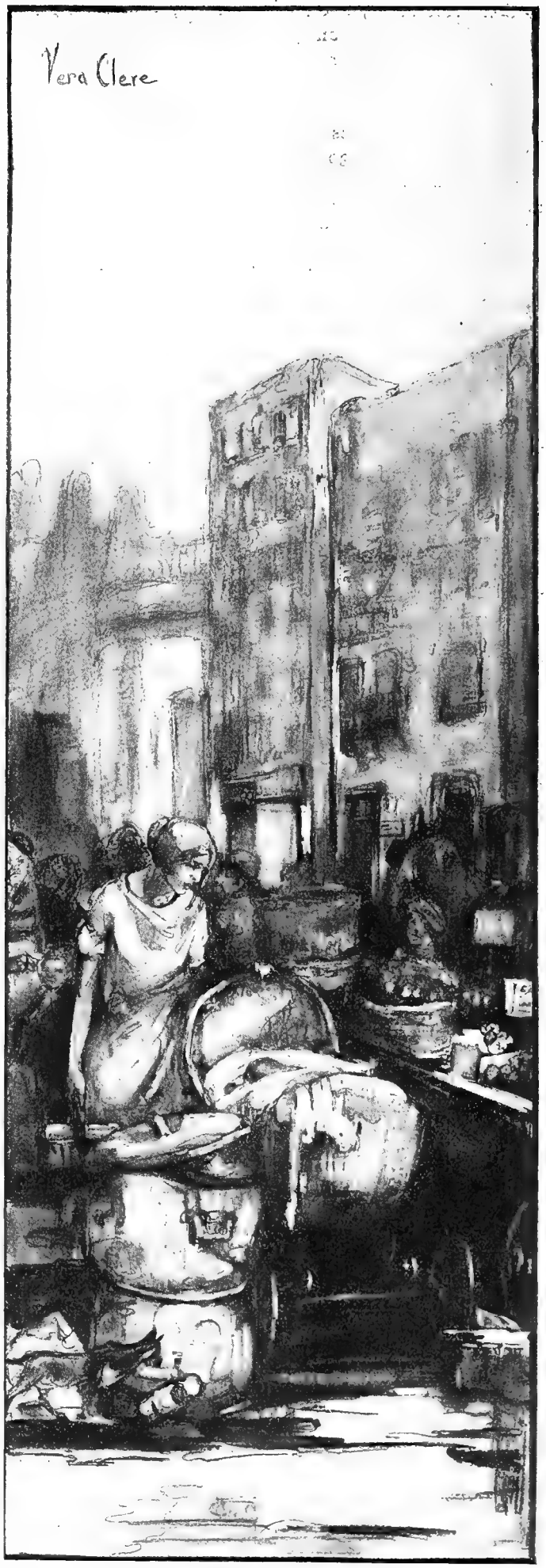
Yes, the baby was a she! The Arlingtons were in a delirium of joy.

They called the newcomer "Signorita Spaghetti", to call attention, jokingly, to her arrival while the Arlingtons were in Italy.

II

From Riverside Drive to Forsythe Street near Manhattan Bridge is a big descent as far as rents and grandeur are concerned.

Forsythe Street is an unattractive place, where the eyes are offended by sordid spectacles and the nose by stale smells. The neighborhood is an uninteresting mixture—some Americans, a few colored people, an



The trash cans kept it from rolling.

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Italian fruit seller, a German butcher, a Chinese laundry on the corner and an Armenian grocery in the middle of the block. The door of the grocery stands open, emitting a heavy scent of musk and garlic; the smudgy window dimly displays dried fish and dusty bits of ginger, queer pastries and a miscellaneous assortment of American canned goods and soggy bread and cake.

Motor trucks and horse-drawn vehicles bang and rattle over the rough pavement, children dart unafraid in and out among them, women gather in the doorways to exchange gossip and air their complaints—all darkened and overshadowed by the huge bridge across which thousands daily pass, indifferent to the lives being lived beneath them.

In one of the "cold water tenements" on this ugly thoroughfare a celebration had taken place—over the arrival of a baby girl in the dreary abode of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Higgins. It's true that Forsythe Street is the way to life of an astounding number of babies—astounding when one considers the shortness of Forsythe Street; yet the babies were all greeted by the neighborhood, though not all cheered by fathers and mothers too poor for family additions.

Bill Higgins was a taxi driver. He made fair money when he worked, but the taxi business is somewhat temperamental. Bill was occasionally laid off, through no fault of his own. Occasionally, it must be admitted, Bill was not "on the job" himself. He would fail to report for duty.

Unchivalrous as it may sound, it must be admitted that Mrs. Higgins was one of Bill's mistakes.

She is what is known to psychologists as a high grade imbecile. Bill didn't know of her mental weakness when he first met her; he had mistaken her childish ways for the mannerism of a girl embarrassed by her first aggressive lover. With her slim figure, fair hair, deep blue eyes fringed with black curling lashes, and her smart way of wearing cheap clothes, Nellie had been attractive enough then. Work, worry, slovenly ways, weak mentality and peevish temper, however, had long since eradicated all trace of earlier beauty. Bill, who demanded very little in the way of mentality and household efficiency, loved the girl, and adored Bobby, his first child. He failed to see that the boy was not as bright as he might have been.

Nellie regretted the coming of the second baby. "Regretted" is a mild word; Nellie hated the idea * * * but the baby came, a little girl. Bill was so pleased with his blue eyed daughter that he laid off a week to celebrate. But Mrs. Higgins didn't feel that way. To the daily gathering of neighbors on the stair landing she bluntly complained that all the baby meant was "just more work and worry."

Bill provided a baby carriage, which he bought at a second hand shop. The baby should have fresh air. It was out of the question, of course, to take her for a ride in the carriage during the day. The sidewalks were narrow, crowded and littered; the streets were hives of traffic going to and from the bridge. But Nellie might let her sleep in the carriage in the open air if she were protected from the sun and flies.

Every newspaper reader knows what happened. This is Nellie's story, very much shortened, as it appears in her statement at headquarters:

"I took the baby downstairs, about ten o'clock in the morning. I pushed the carriage out in front where the trash cans would keep it from rolling, and put the baby in the carriage. I don't remember seeing anyone as I came downstairs or while I was putting the child in the carriage. I went to the Armenian grocery store in our block and when I came back the baby was gone."

The Higgins baby had been kidnapped!

Public interest was stirred by Bill Higgins' frantic offer to work hard for a year at low wages for anyone bringing his baby back to him.

After several days, during which the Higgins kidnapping story filled columns on front pages of newspapers, a neighbor of Mrs. Higgins came forward and admitted that she had seen Nellie put the baby in the carriage on the day mentioned, but her story was so vague and halting that it could not be said to throw any light on the case.

The baby had been kidnapped on the day that Mr. and Mrs. Arlington returned to New York from Italy.

III

The great iron-grille door of a Fifth Avenue mansion opened a few feet, and a slim, blonde girl, beautifully dressed, slipped out. Her deep blue eyes glanced nervously about between curling black lashes as she descended the steps.

A moment later a servant with striped vest ran out.

"Sorry not to have been at the door to open for you, Miss Joan", he said. "Shall I call a taxi, or do you want your car?"

The girl seemed confused by the servant's appearance. She bit her lip.

"No, William," she said, "I don't want a taxi. In fact, I think I'll go back in the house."

With the same nervous haste the girl disappeared behind the big doors.

She confronted her father in the library.

"Father, "I'm sorry I was so abrupt—" and she began weeping.

"There, there, child," he comforted her, taking her in his arms. "I know your whole trouble. Too much going about. Your mother sometimes had spells like this during a too active season. I really believe there is no more arduous work than keeping busy doing nothing—particularly when one is as popular as my daughter."

"I expect you're right", admitted the girl, drying her eyes. "What I need is a change—to get away by myself. May I?"

"The yacht is in commission. Why not go aboard?" was the prompt answer of her father.

"No, father; in my foolishness I imagine I want to get away from myself, and the boat would constantly remind me of the same old things and the same old people. Why can't I go over to France alone? What is so terrible about that? Edith Marshall went over alone."

"Yes; but Edith had friends waiting for her on the other side. She was the guest of her aunt. Why can't we cable the Glendennings you are coming, or would you prefer someone else?"

"No, father; seriously, I want to go alone, with no one expecting me. Can't you see that if I were to be the guest of friends on the other side it would mean more entertainment—and people. I'm sick of people!"

"Well, I never expected to hear that from your lips—

(*Contnued on page* 51)

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¶ *She gasped and her eyes widened "Oh, Lafitte, how could you? I had such faith in you."*

The Artistic Touch

"Not Everything in the Life of a Detective is Tragedy —McFarland Found Fun and Love With His Duties

By Guy Fowler

Illustrated by JAY MCARDLE

On a June afternoon when the smell of the Mississippi floated thickly beyond the levee into New Orleans, Tom McFarland, of the Headquarters Detective office, strolled easily up Canal street. He was, of course, wearing civilian clothes. A woman passed him, her hand clutching that of a curious, wide-eyed boy of about eight years.

"Oh, look mama," exclaimed the child; "There's a policeman without his badge on!"

McFarland grinned expansively and chuckled. He had been twitted by experts, but this was his first experience with a child. It was true that he appeared to be precisely what he was. It is likely that every important crook in the states and some abroad, knew McFarland either by sight, or reputation.

But the ordinary layman could recognize in the big, slow moving figure, those characteristics which are so common in the manner and the gait of the typical American police officer.

On the other hand, McFarland knew most of the crooks equally as well and so far he had managed to keep the score decidedly in his own favor. To every trade he conceded its trick, but to one,—the trade he was soon to learn more about—he allowed a whole bag of tricks and swore that they were black magic.

As he moved along the uncrowded street in the heat of the afternoon, McFarland loomed larger than most of the men he passed. He wore a soft gray felt hat with the brim drawn well over his eyes. His face was square and ruddy, with hard, blue eyes that bored. The mouth was firm and large, with lines creased deeply along his jaws, indicating to the observer that here was a man who laughed.

He wore the proverbial blue serge. His shoes were black, square-toed, soft leather and he liked rubber heels. On his right hip there was a perceptible bulge caused by his holster. In the rear of his belt he wore his handcuffs and in his right hip pocket reposed a soft lead "billy", wound in leather thongs. When he walked his heel and toe came down flatly with each stride and he moved with the placid steadiness of a delivery horse that has worked the same route every day for a number of years.

A few blocks away in an ancient stone mansion on Carondolet street, a most peculiar incident was in progress while McFarland made his way towards headquarters. Mrs. Jackson Merrivane, a widow in her early forties, was sitting for her portrait in the drawing room,

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or in what had once been the drawing room, of her Carondolet street home.

The artist, a handsome young man known to her as Alonzo Lafitte, was her protege, in a way; her own find in the labyrinth of the Place d'Armes.

Mrs. Merrivane was, in a limited sense, a patron of the arts. She flitted in and out of the Vieux Carre, in this studio and that, occasionally helping some struggling artist or writer, encouraging them always and making a romance out of every cobweb. In a small way she had become rather well known in the colony and was liked for her modest generosity.

Young Lafitte had met her down there. He was strikingly romantic. His long, black hair clustered in damp ringlets against a white forehead. He wore a slim, waxed moustache and in his sad, dark eyes there was a wistful, brooding expression of much beauty. He was artistic to his fingertips. One day he had pleaded for the honor of doing a portrait of Mrs. Merrivane.

As McFarland strolled up Canal street, the canvas before Lafitte was blocked out and he was preparing to lay on the brush. Mrs. Merrivane was seated on an upholstered divan. She wore a regal gown of some heavy, dark red material that swept the floor. A great bird of paradise adorned her coiffure. The portrait was to present her as the daughter of her fathers.

In fact, they were conversing lightly of ancestors as Lafitte worked. It seems that his own forefathers had been with the first French adventurers to settle in the Louisiana territory.

"Isn't it wonderful to think of those daring men?" ventured Mrs. Merrivane.

"Ah, indeed so," admitted Lafitte, inhaling one of her silken tipped cigarets. "Such men," he murmured. And after an expressive pause: "And the lovele-e-e women." He raised his great, luminous eyes. His manner indicated obviously, that he considered Mrs. Merrivane comparable to them, perhaps even superior. She flushed gracefully and lowered her eyes.

"If you will turn just a leetle to the left, please," he urged, picking up a cloth and wiping the oils from his long, slender fingers.

He approached her smiling and went around behind the divan, with the stained cloth flung over his shoulder carelessly, like the shawl of some swarthy matador. Everything Lafitte did was graceful, chivalrous, and it was done in the manner of an old world knight. Gently he took her chin between his hands and turned her head in the proper position. She thrilled at his touch.

Lafitte stood behind her for a moment, studying her pose, so she thought. He actually was pouring the contents of a small vial upon the cloth. Before Mrs. Merrivane sensed it, he was pressing the saturated cloth over her mouth and nostrils with one hand and holding her firmly with his right arm, which proved to be remarkably strong for so slight a man.

With scarcely a struggle Mrs. Merrivane passed into the oblivion of chloroform and in her subconsciousness, dreamed that she was riding a milk white horse at the head of a battalion of plumed knights, all of whom wore glittering mail and carried brightly colored pennants on their lances.

McFarland, pursuing his way up Canal street, reached headquarters and began to examine a batch of new photographs from the Bureau of Identification. He must have been looking at the pictures for an hour before the call came from a maid in the Carondolet street house, shrieking that Mrs. Merrivane was dead, the place had been ransacked and the murderer had escaped with everything of value.

When men from headquarters reached the house, Mrs. Merrivane, much too ill to be dead, was recovering from the chloroform and telling her doctor a number of facts about her life which were none of his business. McFarland, in charge of the police detail, sent his men back and remained to work the case.

He had to wait quite a while before Mrs. Merrivane could be interviewed. He spent the time examining the house and questioning the maid, who had been downstairs in the kitchen. The girl had come upstairs and found her mistress apparently dead and the rooms on that floor in disorder, so she immediately telephoned for the police.

Presently, McFarland was admitted into the presence of Mrs. Merrivane.

"Oh," she breathed, round-eyed. "You're the detective."

"Yes'm," admitted McFarland, recognized for what he was the second time that day.

She told her story, substantially as it has already been narrated, but with frequent exclamations of surprise and disappointment.

"Just think of it," she grieved. "A wonderful artist—a genius, perhaps. Why I knew he had the artistic touch the first time I met him."

"Have you ever given him a check, or anything with your signature on it?" asked McFarland.

"Oh yes," she replied brightly. "Of course, I paid him a retainer fee when he began my portrait."

"By check?"

"Yes."

"Do you know yet how much cash and jewelry he took from the house?"

She thought for a moment. "I had about eleven hundred dollars in my strong box. My jewels were worth probably five thousand."

"Well, ma'am, I certainly have to agree with you," remarked McFarland, rising. "This fellow *did* have an artistic touch."

It turned out quite as McFarland suspected. The bank had paid a check for one thousand dollars, which originally had called for but one hundred.

"She deserves to lose it," muttered the big detective, disgustedly.

But it was not in McFarland's nature to desire the triumph of crookdom over anything, even what seemed to him foolishness. And too, he considered as he went to work, that Mrs. Merrivane was a warm-hearted little woman without much experience. He concluded by taking the charitable view of the matter and determined to get the man who had duped her.

He went first to the Department of Public Health and came away with one of the little card-backed books in which the inspectors record their daily reports. All that evening during the dinner hours from about six until ten, and later when the theatre crowds sought their midnight suppers, McFarland moved heavily from restaurant to restaurant, presenting himself as an inspector from the health department. He visited only the better class places.

As he came to the entrance to the kitchen in each place, his eyes covered the personnel first, in a sweeping,

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comprehensive glance. Then, more casually, he examined the equipment and studied the help as he went about, accompanied by the manager, or the chef, or whoever it might be that had been delegated to guide him. Towards one o'clock in the morning, McFarland found his man.

The discovery was made in a big, flashy Royal street restaurant much patronized by people from the theatres, tourists and night revelers. The last dinner party had been served and in the kitchen only the dishwashers and the cleaners were at work. The chef and the cooks were through, but still loitered for the possible arrival of more diners.

"When did that fellow come to work?" McFarland indicated to the escorting manager a slight, dark man at a table with the idling cooks.

The manager looked quickly. "He came on last night. He works here now and then—sort of a wanderer. But he's a good second cook."

"Do you know where he worked last?"

The manager shrugged. "We're glad to get good help. We can't bother to ask them for references."

They moved to the table where the cooks were assembled. McFarland held the little book open in his hand and made meaningless notations, as though he were a conscientious health inspector. Suddenly, the second cook rose and walked too rapidly to the rear, where a door opened upon an alley.

He was pressing the saturated cloth over her mouth and nostrils with one hand and holding her firmly with his right arm.

To look at McFarland one would have gathered the impression that he was a man who moved ponderously. Now, the agility with which he leaped around the table and bore down upon the white clad cook entirely contradicted his appearance. Before the man could twist the door knob, McFarland had his wrist in a pitiless grip.

"I want to talk to you first," he said. "Maybe you can go then."

"Why should the poleece want me?" asked the man, softly.

"What makes you think the police want you?"

The cook looked at him blankly. "You—you are the poleeceman, are you not?"

McFarland grinned at himself for the third time that day and night. "Didn't you used to work at the St. Charles?" His face hardened.

"No—nefair."

"Did you ever see this before?"

The detective drew from his pocket a stained cloth, with a thin red border. On one end of the cloth there had been stitched in red lettering the legend: "St. Charles Hotel".

It was an ordinary dish cloth. The cook looked at it, shrugged and spread his white hands in a gesture of complete ignorance. The cloth, he indicated, was a total stranger to him. It still retained the faint, sweet odor of chloroform.

"Well," said McFarland, "I'll tell you how it is Alonzo. There are some other things I want you to look over in the morning. You come along with me now and if we can get it straightened out, you'll be back here in time for work tomorrow night anyhow."

Having felt McFarland's grip on his wrist and having no craving to sense it there again, the little cook came along docilely and was locked up for the night on an open charge. After a few hours sleep, McFarland went to the parish prison, roused his prisoner and accompanied him to the home of Mrs. Merrivane.

"Ever see this house before?" asked McFarland, as they alighted from the police flivver.

The man shook his head negatively, but his eyes sought the sidewalk. In the drawing room, his manner was furtive, pained, and he kept watching the doorway through which Mrs. Merrivane would shortly enter. She came in presently and halted. She gasped and her eyes widened.

"Oh, Lafitte, how could you?"

"It's him then, is it?" demanded McFarland.

But she apparently did not hear the question. She was looking at the downcast little man in white.

"I had such faith in you," she continued. "I was sure we could get some of your work exhibited."

The man she called Lafitte said nothing. His long, white fingers worked nervously.

"You identify this fellow, Mrs. Merrivane?" McFarland was a little impatient.

"Oh, it's Lafitte, of course," she replied.

"Where have you got the stuff?" growled McFarland. "You'll get off easier if you turn it up."

(*Continued on page* 89)

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Hong-Kong Fashions in Crime

An Account of the Changes In Manners and Modes of Smugglers, Pirates, Robbers, and Owners of Opium Dens In That Most Picturesque British Outpost

From the address of

Capt. E. D. Wolfe, Superintendent of Hong-Kong Police

As reported

By E. V. Cowell

Illustrated with photographs—courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway.

HONG-KONG, as the reader will, of course, remember, is an island off the southeast coast of China. Approached from the ocean, it appears precisely what it is; the water-truncated crest of a nearly submerged mountain range, blunted by eons of erosion. The island rises from the level blue of the smooth South China sea in a rough and jagged bow. Its low, forbidding mountain tops are broken by tortuous valleys winding down through barren hills and spilling out in narrow plains at the water's edge, or cleaving short overhanging cliffs standing sheer above the lace-edged sea. The inland sweep of ever-rising hills, backed by jumbled granite peaks is bleak, barren, desolate. Unrelieved by enshrouding foliage, each succeeding treeless crest stands out clean-cut, distinct. Deep between the close cropped hills straggle tiny broken lines of brushwood bordering myriad streams. Water glints from upland glens or struggles through the cloying herbage crowding narrow beds. Scattered habitation and chance, fruitless cultivation, bear testimony to the industry of the population in the face of hopeless odds. Distance softens bleak monotony into eerie beauty.

Sprawled along the north sea coast, closely knotted at the heart, shines the capitol city. Turtle-awninged boats, bow-on against the quay, clutter into a forest of masts, thin out and dot the harbour. The "Praya" or esplanade, at the water's edge, is given over entirely to shipping. Just back of it, inland, is the commercial center of the city. On either side, crammed in close built houses on narrow streets, lives the crowded Chinese population. Above this, farther back, strangely symbolic, rise the glaring, British Government buildings, colonnaded, domed and spired. They are interspersed with formal gardens, flanked by well built roads, bordered by semi-tropical vegetation. Scattering beyond, farther up in the hills, are the private houses and bungalows of those who can afford them. It is very much like any city—anywhere.

Formerly an integral part of China, the island of Hong-Kong was first ceded to Great Britain in 1841. Under the Pekin Treaty the peninsula of Kowloon was added and later the territory behind Kowloon up to a line drawn from Mirs Bay to Deep Bay and the adjoining island, including Lantao. This added district is mountainous, with extensive cultivated valleys of great fertility. The coast line is deeply indented by bays. The population consists of *Puntis* (or Cantonese), *Hakkas* (Strangers) and *Tankas*. The Puntis

Turtle-awninged boats, bow-on against the quay, clutter into a forest of masts.

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are agricultural and inhabit the valleys; they make excellent traders. The *Hakkas* are a hardy and frugal race, belonging mostly to the hill districts. The *Tankas* are the boat people. This combined territory, known collectively as Hong-Kong, constitutes an important outpost of the British Empire.

The colony is administered by a Governor, Executive Council and Legislative Council, partly appointed and partly elected. The Chinese have some representation. Appointments are made by the Secretary of State in London. On recommendation of the Governor, this official also appoints the heads of departments, such as the Superintendent of Police.

Capt. E. D. Wolfe, the present incumbent of that office, in speaking of his department recently, stated that the force now numbers two thousand men in addition to armed guards, mainly natives of East India, who are detailed chiefly to the suppression of piracy on board ships.

"Our force is probably the most mixed that could be found," Capt. Wolfe continued. "We have a white complement of 250 men, and 650 East Indians, partly Mohammedans. The remainder are Chinese, mostly Cantonese, and recently we have recruited from North China a number of Northern Chinese, a necessary increase in the force having been brought about by the growth of the city and the colony generally, and also by the increase of crime which seems in most parts of the globe to have followed the Great War.

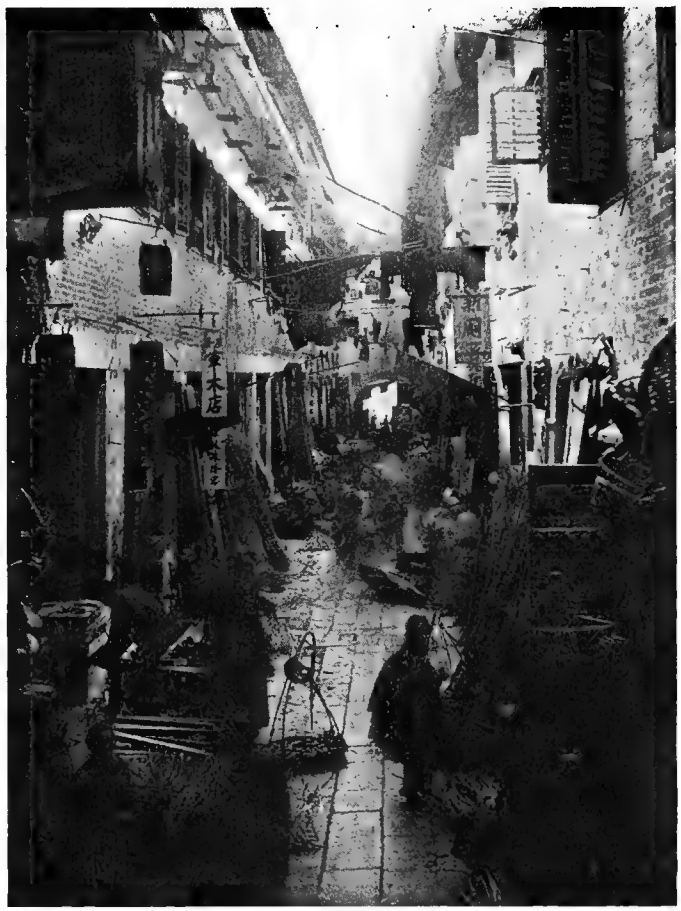
"In the European section of our force, that is, the white section, the men are ranked just as in the English forces, as superintendents, inspectors, sergeants, crown sergeants, etc., but the constables are natives, supervised by Europeans."

Many of the crimes with which the Hong-Kong police have to deal are the result of disturbed conditions, which have always existed, more or less, in the south of China, as well as in the Central and Northern districts.

Crime in Hong-Kong may be grouped into four general classifications: the smuggling of arms for Chinese troops as well as local criminals; the ever-present opium evil; gang robberies, which have become more prevalent during the last few years; and, finally, that most picturesque form of perverted human endeavor, piracy.

The question of the arms traffic is one which has caused much anxiety to the authorities in Hong-Kong. The matter is especially serious because there has recently been a marked increase both in Hong-Kong and Canton of crimes committed by armed gangs, who do not hesitate to resort to violence if confronted with opposition.

Farther back, strangely symbolic, rise the glaring British Government buildings, colonnaded, domed and spired.



On either side, crammed in close-built houses on narrow streets, lives the crowded Chinese population.

"We do our best," Capt. Wolfe remarks, "under the International Agreement to prevent the importation of arms into China. . . . through Hong-Kong. . . . It is a difficult matter to stop this entirely, as Hong-Kong is a free port, and though there exists an import and export staff, there are no customs, and the imports and exports department is mainly concerned with dealing with the question of opium.

"Our police are all armed, and this is necessary, in order to give them a chance of defense when they find themselves in a tight corner with a gang robbery occuring close to where they happen to be on patrol. I personally arranged that they should be armed because of the lawlessness with which, owing to our narrow borders, it is so difficult to cope.

"Thanks to the assistance given by the Legislature of California, a great step forward has been made and we have noticed in Hong-Kong recently that the number of arms imported from this side of the Pacific has been marvelously lessened . . . this legislation, I believe, makes it an offense for anybody in the State of California, and perhaps other states as well, to carry arms. Smuggled arms that are reaching us now come from European sources and from this side of the Pacific."

The Hong-Kong police do not deal with the opium question to any great extent, their only concern being with the suppression of the dives where the natives

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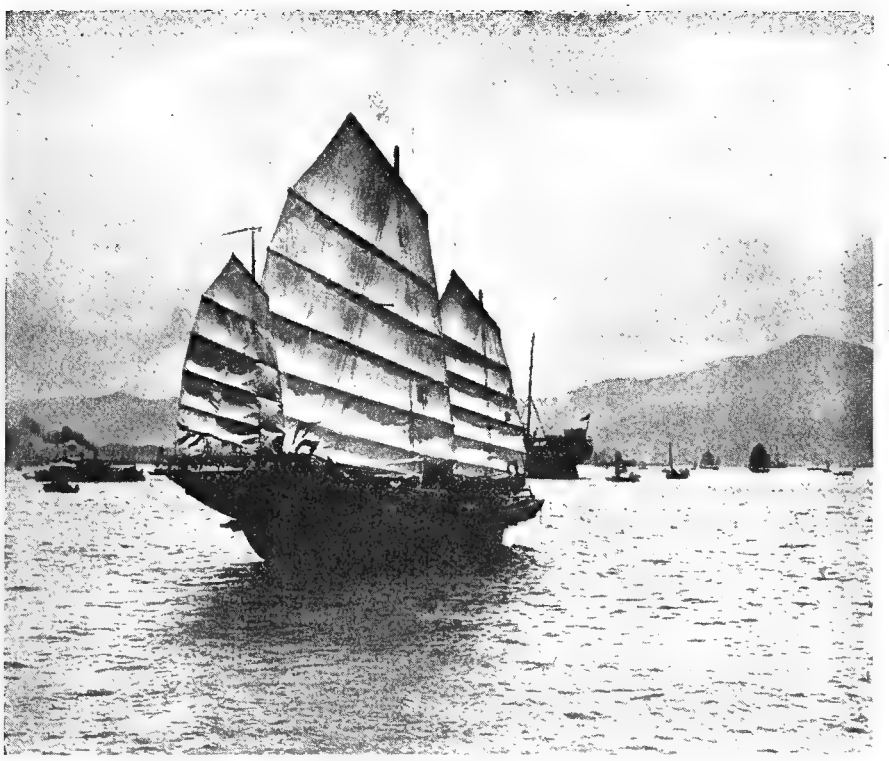
go to smoke; otherwise this problem is handled by the Department of Imports and Exports. No one is allowed to smoke opium outside his own home, but the people are constantly endeavoring to open places for the convenience of those who wish to do so.

"Robbers formerly carried either a knife or some weapon which was certainly not quite so offensive as the present ones," Capt. Wolfe remarked in speaking of the gang robberies which are occupying so much of the police department's attention. "They invariably use firearms now and if a person doesn't do what he is told to do they don't hesitate to shoot, and shoot to kill.



The pirates told off the junk to carry away the treasure.

"The ordinary form that a gang robbery takes is for a group to get together and go to a house. One of them has ascertained the surname of the owner of the premises, say he is Mr. Wong. He goes to the house or flat and asks for Mr. Wong. The door is then opened to him by the servant maid, and as soon as he gets his foot in the door, the rest is easy. He threatens the maid; the rest come in and threaten everybody on the premises and tie them up . . . they may be there for five minutes or twenty-five minutes. As often as not, nobody in the neighborhood knows what is going on. When they finish and have gotten all they want, they come out quietly and the cry is never raised until they are well away.

"It is amusing to note that there are fashions among gang robbers, as to the methods by which they will gag their victims. The style some three years ago was to use a small orange . . . and push that into the victim's mouth, and then some string, wire or a handkerchief was tied across, holding it in.

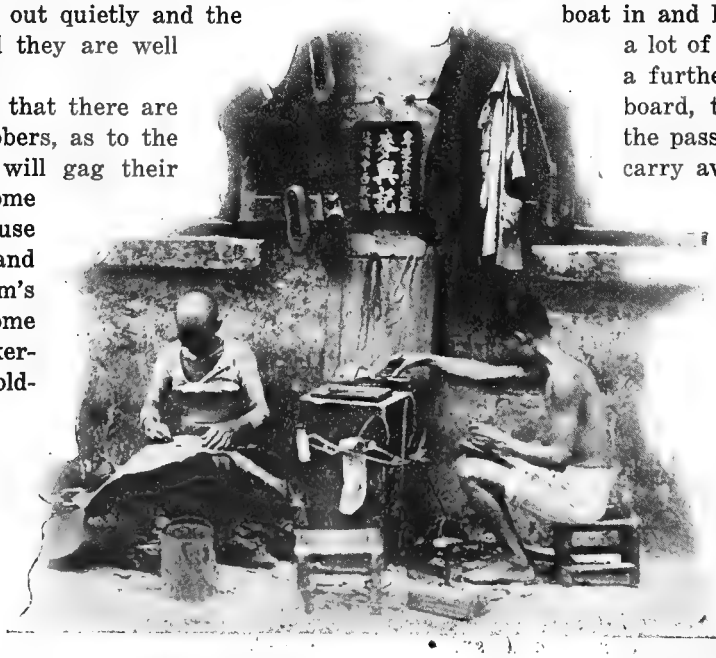
"Last year the mode was walnuts. This year it is a teacup, or a Chinese wine cup.

"Should the police arrive on the scene, as happens from time to time . . . there is the inevitable fight in which either the police or the gang win. In our most recent case, the police were victorious. It was a gang robbery by five men. The police got information of the robbery while it was in progress, and the fight ensued, in which one white policeman was badly injured, also an Indian and some Chinese. Four of the five robbers were caught. . . . Three of them were sentenced to seventeen years of hard labor each, and the fourth, when I left Hong-Kong, was still in the hospital. He had eight bullet wounds in his body."

Piracy has prevailed in the waters surrounding Hong-Kong for many years. The large delta of the West River affords a splendid opportunity to the hordes of marauders who prey on the shipping in that district.

Piracy in this locality is considered a profession or trade. It is handed down from father to son. Until a short while ago the Chinese pirates identified themselves by wearing bright red coats.

An English sea captain is said to have told the story of a gang of pirates boarding his ship, disguised as women. All the passengers were held up, and at the points of two guns the captain was ordered to take his ship into the quiet river. He slipped his boat in and hid her as directed. There lay a lot of sampans and a junk, from which a further gang of pirates swarmed on board, took everything of value from the passengers and told off the junk to carry away the treasure.



Then a small company of the bucaneers went to the captain and, with many compliments, said they wished to make him a parting gift. They presented a handsome gold watch and chain which they had looted from some passenger!

"The pirates' favorite method," Capt. Wolfe remarks in describing their procedure, and that of the police department

(*Contnued on page* 57)

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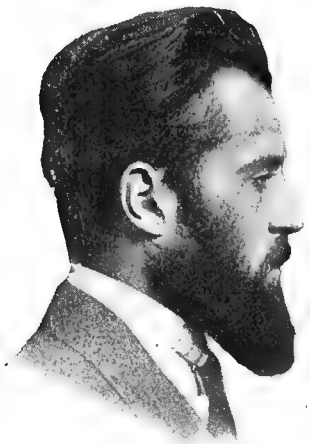
¶ *Where will he appear next? Will he be bearded or shorn? Will it be burglary, coining, theft, moral infractions or the opium traffic?*

"Truly," said my official friend, "and what would you say was his METIER in life?"



"Physician, artist, professor at a University, sculptor, almost anything of that sort," I replied.

A Perverted Personality

The Story of a Twisted Mentality Which Has Left a Trail of Broken Laws and Lives Throughout the World

One of the thousands of cases comprising the records of the International Narcotic Criminal Identification Bureau which has been furnished through courtesy of

Dr. Carleton Simon,
Special Deputy Police Commissioner

To Campbell MacCulloch

Illustrated with "Rogues' Gallery" photographs from the police files of six nations.

SOME years ago two great American writers fell out over a very simple matter. Frank Norris contended that no story of real interest or importance could be found in any American city other than New York, New Orleans, Chicago or San Francisco, while O. Henry insisted that good story material was to be found anywhere, at any time, and about anything. Both essayed to prove their points, but there is no record of either having convinced the other. The matter is of no particular moment except that it is brought forcibly to mind in connection with a brief promenade down a train platform of the central railway station at Basle, Switzerland, on the morning of June 17, 1923.

With an official of the Swiss Surete I was passing along the platform when a train drew in from Lausanne. A carriage door opened quickly, and from it stepped a handsome, bearded individual, who collided sharply with me.

He eked out the meagre stipend of his minor clerkship with some tuition in languages.

"Pardonnez moi, m'sieu!" he exclaimed, lifting his hat with a swift gesture, an ingratiating smile, and a shrug of the shoulders. In a moment he had stepped by us and walked on, followed leisurely by a keen-eyed, quietly-dressed person who nodded faintly to my companion. I gazed after the stranger who had collided with me. Off-hand I should have taken him for a college professor, or a professional man who possibly followed one of the arts. His beard was long and black, his nose straight and slightly pointed, his forehead high and smooth, and his eyes of a definite orange yellow. While not tall—indeed a little below the average height—he conveyed the idea of strength and activity.

"He has a personality, that one," I remarked to my companion.

"Truly," commented my official friend. "And what would you say was his *metier* in life?"

"Physician, artist, professor at a uni-

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versity, sculptor, almost anything of that sort."

"What would you say to criminal?" was the reply.

The man had turned and was coming toward us again. He swung along, breathing deeply of the morning air, and removed his hat with a gesture, shaking his dark, almost black, hair. With the merest glance at us he passed by, and then, a few moments later, resumed his seat in the train, which proceeded on its way to the German border. I turned back to my companion.

What the attraction was it is difficult to say.

Malvina was by no means a beauty.

"I would not have thought so," I replied. "He has not the appearance established by misinformed or insincere fiction, and yet one never knows. What is his record?"

"Most complete," was the abrupt, rather cynical answer. "Varied and colorful. Here, there and elsewhere. Just now he is en route to Germany by request. The authorities at Lausanne have liberated him with that understanding. They arrested him on the sixth of this month, held him for examination, failed to find that he had committed any offense, and—have allowed him to depart. A dangerous man, that, known to all European countries, and to your compatriots across the Atlantic."

At his office in the police building my associate called for the *dossier* of Jules Ernest Grenout and spread it out upon the table.

"Here is one of the most consistent and persistent criminals," he observed. "For fifteen years he has devoted his energies to wrong-doing, and yet he is but thirty-three. He has been invited out of Switzerland, and has gone, presumably to Germany. What he will do there depends entirely upon what opportunities he encounters."

"What is his specialty?" I enquired.

"Most difficult to answer," was the reply. "Here he was suspected of complicity in the drug traffic. After his arrest the Lausanne police searched his quarters thoroughly, but were unable to find a supply. With a companion, one Favret Benoit, he had been making inquiries at both Lausanne and Zurich for the drugs, but apparently that was all. As you have remarked, a personality made vivid by the force of its owner's weakness and vanity, that one. A man of parts, of some culture, with resources, but alas, also with that bent for the wrong path.

"But it has not always been drugs. Nine years ago in Germany it was anarchy. In France it was counterfeiting. In England petty theft. In Italy a series of offenses. In Belgium they charged fraud, and in Canada bribery, abortion and drug selling. France wanted him badly for desertion from the army, too. No one may say what this man will turn his nefarious talent to next. Apparently it makes slight difference to him what the effort so long as it may be wrong. Then he will throw himself wholeheartedly into it. Today he wears a beard. That deceives you into a belief in a professional vocation. It is difficult to see the criminal beneath that appendage, yet look on this portrait—and this, and see if we have not here one who will bear watching."

He changed his name to de L'Eglise, meaning "of the church."

And it was truly so. The loose, somewhat pendulous lip, and the expression of the eyes indicated a mental quirk somewhere. And the man interested me to the extent of tracing his movements in that fifteen years of wrong-doing which had netted him but the invitation to leave Swiss soil as speedily as possible. I saw no more of him as a person, but I saw much more of him in his record.

At the Prefecture in Paris they know of him. Born of Ernest and Georgette Malbrant, August 16, 1891, at Monville, near Rouen, in the picturesque Seine valley, nothing eventful crops out in the young man's life until the age of 19. There had been the usual scholastic experience of the middle class in France, and then a minor clerkship, the meagre stipend of this eked out with some tuition in languages. Quite suddenly the quiet surface was broken on December 25, 1909, by the young man's arrest at Louviers on the charge of assisting in a burglary. Two months later, on February 24, 1910, he was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

We hear nothing of him for eighteen months or so, when the criminal instinct again crops out publicly, this time with his arrest at Evreux on a charge of theft. Evidence seems to have been lacking, for a failure to convict ensued, and young Grenout disappeared from the little French town and within two weeks was arrested in Paris on a charge of counterfeiting. Again he was fortunate, since the Parisian police were unable to make their charge good, and his discharge followed. Either unrest or nervousness caused him to leave Paris, for seven months later found him in the prisoner's dock at Slough in England, where the British authorities charged him with three offenses. First he had stolen a jar of tooth powder, second a pair of shoes, and the third charge was till tapping. It would seem that things had gone ill with the young French teacher of languages. They were to go still worse, for the English judge sentenced him to six weeks at hard labor, in Reading Gaol, and the authorities then ordered him deported. Under escort he returned to France, January 8, 1912.

Just how long he remained in France is

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unknown, for he is next learned of in Germany through the issue of a Police Alarm Sheet No. 4546, issued February 25, 1914. The Berlin police authorities had evidently crossed his trail on more than one occasion, and they yearned to talk with him on several matters. For one thing he had been known to associate with notorious anarchists, for another the police wanted to know of certain transactions that involved counterfeiting. Getting wind of these desires young Grenout quietly absented himself from Germany. There he had done some teaching, and like many others of his stripe was unable to refrain from certain peculiarities of dress that marked him down. The German police alarm notes:

Have we not here one who will bear watching?

Drooping eyes and pendulous lip indicate a mental quirk.

"Grenout is fond of wearing officer's yellow leggings with yellow boots and striped English riding breeches."

Jules Ernest Grenout fled into Italy, for the police records there begin to bear evidence of his doings very shortly after his escape from German soil. A fair list of small offenses of various kinds brought him within the cognizance of the law, if not within its clutches. At any rate, the Italian police patience was finally worn thin, and the Minister of the Interior was appealed to, it being explained that this Frenchman had most emphatically outworn his welcome. The Minister promptly executed an order of deportation, and under this Grenout was expelled from the country on July 4, 1914.

The next major happening was the outbreak of the World War. Grenout was twenty-four at this time, and naturally had been subject to military service. Whether he had served does not appear, but it is presumed he did not, since a French Army Bulletin, No. 147, classes him as a slacker and a deserter, and requests his apprehension. France in her travail got on without Grenout. His patriotism was apparently of a wholly negative quality.

He is next officially heard of in Montreal, Canada, on October 28, 1915. Believing that a new name would suit him better he had changed to Laurent de L'Eglise. This time the charge against him was the performance of an abortion. The Montreal courts convicted him, and he was given a sentence of three months, coupled with a fine. On his release it is not known what occupied him or where he went, and it is not until 1920 that the official records bear testimony of him, this time at St. John, New Brunswick, where he was arrested charged with importing and selling cocaine, heroin, etc. The Canadian courts were again prompt in conviction, and he was given the option of a jail sentence or the payment of $1,500 fine. He had been out on bail of the same amount, and used the bail fund to pay the fine. That was August 9, 1920.

So far as is known he is not given to violence.

Apparently about this time he encountered a woman, seven years his senior, named Malvina Edgwina Buzzi, born in Italy, who on many occasions thereafter passed as his wife. What the attraction was is difficult to say, since Malvina was by no means a beauty. No record of her previous to her association with Grenout discloses deliberate criminality, though the Italian police at Vercelli have noted her birth in 1884, and at Baviera is recorded, as of May 15, 1919, the birth to her of an illegitimate child. The next year she departed for Canada.

Grenout turned up at Ottawa, Canada, on January 7, 1921, still as L'Eglise, and still in the "dope" trade, since the police there picked him up and put him on trial. They failed to make good their case in toto, but managed to convict him of bribery and fine him $300 on this count. By then he had evidently made up his mind to traffic in drugs as a career, for six months later, on June 29, 1921, he was back in St. John, plying his profession and being caught at it. This time the police found the drugs in his possession also, and he was once more convicted, and once more assessed $1,500 fine.

The luck in Canada was unsatisfactory, for in November of the same year the police at Brussels, Belgium, had their attention directed to one Ernest Grenout. A little interview disclosed that the gentleman who had arrived with a lady referred to as his wife, a retinue of servants, and a private secretary, and engaged accommodations at the best hotels, moving from one to the other as the whim seized him, had been trying to purchase drugs for export to America, and had also given a false name in the police registration records. He was swiftly convicted of the first charge of trafficking in drugs, sentenced to seven months' imprisonment, and a fine of 15,000 francs, and then assessed a further imposition of one month in prison and 300 francs fine on the second charge. What became of Malvina Buzzi is not apparent, since there is no record of their association since that time.

With the conviction went an order of deportation from Belgium, and when Grenout was liberated in July of the next year he was escorted to the border, turning up in Switzerland where I encountered him. What then became of Grenout is unknown—so far. The New York Police Department has crossed his trail on oc-

(*Continued on page* 62)

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". . . the International Police Conference . . . means not only increased efficiency through cooperation, but a clearer and more friendly understanding of the problems of the countries represented. . . . ."

CALVIN COOLIDGE

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The Significance of the International Police Conference

By Hon. Richard E. Enright

Police Commissioner of New York City, President of the International Police Conference.

Illustrated With Exclusive Photographs

REPRESENTATIVES of the International Police Conference have met for the third time, and for the third time have returned to their various far-flung scenes of duty.

A League of Nations in the fullest, most comprehensive meaning of that term will meet again two years hence. Though yet in the bud, it is about to blossom and almost inevitably must thereafter pass on to the full fruition of its usefulness. It will then have become a great——probably the greatest——factor in bringing about and maintaining that world-wide peace which is the ultimate ideal of all thinking men and women of today.

The International Conference is an unofficial league to be sure, and may perhaps be destined always to remain so, but it will function none the less efficiently for that. On the contrary. Its genesis was the normal result of the necessity for coping with an essentially modern, rapidly growing economic evil—the internationalization of crime. It will logically owe its growth and proportional strength to the further necessity not merely of keeping abreast of this evil, but of overtaking and crushing it.

Science has been defined as logical deductions drawn from systematically correlated facts. Science as we know it is young in an historical sense; our forefathers lacked the accumulation of facts and therefore the appreciation of their close relationship. Police science, the youngest of all, is only now winning its right to recognition as such. But police, of one sort or another, are as old as crime—as old as organized society in its crudest form.

The first police forces, like the first armies, were composed purely of amateurs—or so we would consider them. Every able-bodied man became either a soldier or a policeman as occasion required. They served their purpose well enough; the crimes were as primitive as they, and habitual criminals unknown, for a detected criminal did not live long enough to form a habit.

So far as we know, it was in ancient Rome that the citizenry first was organized for police purposes, but this organization did not specialize. It included the entire male civic force, and its methods resembled those of the feudal system followed by all Europe for so many centuries for the mobilization of her armies. It was truly democratic, but increasing luxury and the differentiation of social classes did away with all this, and the inauguration of bodies of men regularly employed as watchmen resulted. Becoming less efficient and more of a standing joke for the communities in general and the criminals in particular, this system maintained, even in the world's great capitals, through the Eighteenth Century.

In France, during the social and political chaos which followed the Terror, some effective means for the protection not only of life and property, but also the integrity of the State itself, became imperative. It was then that they planted the seeds which since have grown into their uniformed police and also their national force, the *Police Judiciare*—detectives—of which the world-famous Vidocq was one of the earliest examples.

The British necessity for police reform was less acute, and John Bull was conservative in his tendencies, nevertheless it had to come. The drastic old laws, in which almost any offense was punished with death, had been modified. Barbarous though these laws may have been, however, it is an indisputable fact that after a man or woman either, for they played no favorites in those days—has been executed for stealing goods equal in value to the rope which hung him, which was about thirty-six cents, he never will repeat the offense, and the repeal of such penalties allowed criminals to multiply. The London "watch" was then at its lowest ebb. It had become such a byword that it was jokingly said that no uncrippled man under ninety need apply for membership; and the municipal police of other British cities, were, if possible, worse.

It was then that Sir Robert Peel, Home Secretary—Secretary of the Interior, as he would be called in the United States—took the matter in hand. In the face of stiff opposition,—as is usually the case with the most beneficial reforms—he brought into being the force from

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which the present superb organization has developed.

These two were the forerunners. On one or both of them practically every modern police force has been modelled. About a century has elapsed since they were founded; and never since the dawn of history could another similar period show even a tithe of the developments affecting civilized society as a whole, which this one has brought forth.

The incredible strides of applied science have brought the arts to a degree of perfection never before dreamed of, far less expected; and this statement is as true of criminal industries as it is of those which bring to the American workingman's home many luxuries unknown to the palaces of a monarch even so recent as Queen Victoria.

The modern American bank-burglar, for example, no longer blows a safe; he burns it open, and in many instances he has "planted" a supply of the necessary gas on the premises in advance of his entry. If he or any criminal wishes to leave the vicinity of his crime, he can do so in a high-powered car, by any one of many roads which will speedily take him to another state and therefore another jurisdiction, perhaps even before the crime is reported.

Any police problem necessarily falls into one of two classes; the prevention of crime where prevention is possible, or apprehension of the criminal where it is not. The former class in most cases, though by no means in all, depends largely upon the solitary patrolman, walking his lonely beat. With both classes, though far more frequently with the latter, all police, from the highest down, are concerned.

This is true of every country under the sun, though never so true as now. In the minds of uncounted thousands, criminal tendencies previously dormant and perhaps unsuspected, were aroused by post-war conditions. Military and other technical training incidental to the war lent these men an efficiency, resourcefulness and initiative undreamed of before. Foreign service enlightened them as to the possibilities offered by nations which hitherto had been little more than names to them.

Worse still, social discontent, for ages a chronic disease of the body-politic, was brought by the war to a stage of seething acuteness that is horrible as a nightmare is horrible. Everyone sees or reads of the sores which are the outward and visible signs of this disease. Everyone knows that these sores are the avowed enemies of organized society, of all peace and all decency. Everyone should know, though few seem to realize, that these visible signs are results, not causes.

To suppress the sores would be useless, or worse than useless, but even that could not be effected by any one nation alone. The disease itself regards neither nation nor race. Generally leaving the surface undisturbed, it works with insidious treachery from within to sap the life-blood of our civilization.

It is a hideous danger, and one that has been growing in menace with every day that passes. Though far from incurable, it most certainly cannot be cured by local applications any more than can another disease which affects an entire body, whether that body belong to an individual or comprise the human race. And crime of any sort is a disease. Effectually to check it, cooperation—not partial, but universal cooperation—is an absolute necessity.

The realization of this latter fact, though voiced in as many different ways as there are men to voice it, has been growing and becoming more apparent among higher police officials ever since the war closed, and in many cases before. But whatever the words may have been, and regardless of the language employed, the thoughts were substantially the same.

It was this realization which crystallized and took form as the International Police Conference, first convened in New York City in 1922. It gathered police representatives of practically all the important cities of the United States and Canada; also those from the capitals of some, but not many, foreign governments.

The second convention, in 1923, also embraced representatives of the cities of the United States and Canada, and also those from twenty foreign capitals.

The third convention, just passed, was more than double the size of the previous one. Not only the cities, but also the large towns of the United States and Canada were represented with scarcely an exception. Besides these, there were representatives not only from Europe, Asia and Africa, but also the islands in far seas, which in our boyhood days, not so long past, we firmly believed to be inhabited by people whose sole attire consisted of a very insufficient gee-string, and whose diet was composed largely of missionaries, roasted or boiled. One felt that the world had become tame and matter-of-fact indeed when a chief of police from the Fiji Islands was expected to take his place as a representative. But it showed how widely the need for

(*Continued on page* 88)

President Coolidge receiving the delegates to the International Police Conference at the White House.

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¶ *I looked at the marks on the frame; and then I nearly whistled in surprise. "I see that the man who did this job is an old, experienced hand."*

"I'm afraid we'll have a hard time recovering your jewels, Mrs. Hollister, if we ever do."

I watched her closely and I thought that a slight look of relief seemed to flicker in her eyes.

Jewels or Jail

Inside Story of a Case in Which the Principals Had no Desire to Encounter the Police

By David Cornell

Illustrated by Ross Williams

One Monday morning in August several years ago, the Independent Burglary Insurance Company called up the office of the Mason Detective Agency and requested that an operative be sent to their offices at once.

"Cornell," said the manager to me, "you haven't had any experience in the burglary insurance line, but I guess you can handle the work. Go over and see what's up. And, say, Cornell, remember that this agency is retained by the year by this insurance company. One of our big customers. Treat their work accordingly."

I found the offices of the Independent Company in a Forty Second street building not far from Fifth avenue. On presenting my card I was ushered at once into the private office of the vice president, Mr. Blaney.

"Ah! The man from the Mason Agency?" said Mr. Blaney. "Cornell is the name? Ah, yes; glad they sent you, Mr. Cornell. We've heard something of your work. You've never handled any of our cases, have you?"

"Not any," I said.

"Well, fortunately this isn't a complicated case, or at least we don't think it is. It's merely a matter of investigation to assure ourselves of the propriety of a policy holder's claim. A mere matter of form, almost.

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We always investigate all claims for payments, you know, and in cases where we suspect something may be wrong we instruct your agency to find evidence for us to start a fight on. In this case, it isn't anything like that. In brief, Col. Malcom P. Hollister's home up on Long Island sound was entered by burglars Saturday night and Mrs. Hollister's diamonds and pearls, valued at $75,000, and insured with us for $50,000 were stolen. There is scarcely the slightest possibility that there is anything wrong in the case. Col. Hollister is a fine, high-minded man, a gentleman of the old school. He has paid this company thousands of dollars in premiums for the last ten years and never presented a claim before this. We are all of the opinion that we will pay his claim in full, in due time. But—as a matter of form, you understand—we're sending you down to look the thing over. Be careful, Mr. Cornell, but be careful of our interests as well as the feelings of Col. Hollister and his family. Assure yourself that the burglary was committed, that Mrs. Hollister's jewels were stolen, and report. That is the case."

That was enough, but before I finished with it the Hollister case had developed into a sensation, such as the Independent Burglary Insurance Company never dreamed of, so full of strange features that even today it is spoken of in the office of the agency as "The Hollister Job."

Being new to the work of investigating burglaries for the insurance company I went about the task in a way considerably different from that employed by the experienced investigator. I did not go to the scene of the robbery. The Hollister home lay up among the hills of Long Island on the sound. I had heard of it as a good example of what taste and moderate wealth—moderate for New York—could do in making a home complete. I had heard of Col. Hollister, too, in the same indirect way. He was a retired bond broker, approximately 65 years old; his first wife had died many years before. Five years ago he had married again, this time taking for his bride Margaret Wynderling, the Margaret Wynderling who for a brief space had won such distinction in Bernard Shaw's plays. There had been some opposition to the match at the time on the part of Mr. Hollister's two grown sons by his first marriage. After the wedding this opposition was said to have simmered down until now report had it that Colonel and Mrs. Hollister were happily at peace with all the world, including Hollister's sons. I had seen pictures of both the Colonel and his young wife in the society sections of the papers. The Colonel was an ardent member of the Nassau Hunt Club, and Mrs. Hollister was credited with having developed a great interest in aviation. This served to keep them both in print often enough to make them comparatively well known.

Instead of repairing at once to this reputed ideal home of wealth and culture, I went down town. At the end of three hours' work I entered the offices of the broker with whom Col. Hollister had been associated in business, and who now handled the old gentleman's investments. I was equipped with letters of introduction. The news of the burglary had not been made public, so, after introducing myself as a real estate man whom Col. Hollister had approached with a view of making extensive investments, I found no trouble in furthering my avowed mission—that of obtaining a confidential opinion on the state of Col. Hollister's finances. The broker, Glavis by name, pulled his moustache and smiled easily.

"Oh, the Colonel's all right," said he with a twinkling of his eye. "He isn't rich, you know, not New York rich, but he's comfortably fixed, very comfortably fixed now, since he has taken my advice and handles the family pocketbook himself."

He laughed reminiscently, and I chuckled with him.

"Yes," he went on, "the old man had to be advised a little bit some time ago. I advised him. Mrs. Hollister —fine woman, lovely lady, but inexperienced in handling large sums of money, you know—had been given a free swing at the colonel's bank account. By Jove! I tell you she tore a hole into it for two or three years. Yes sir! Nearly had the colonel off his feet. I said to him, 'Colonel, only one thing for you to do. Shut down on Mrs. Hollister. Don't let her handle a dollar. Otherwise you'll be selling that happy home of yours up on the Sound.' "

"And he shut down?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. Closed down on her tight. For about a year she's had to go to the colonel for every cent she got, and, believe me, sir, the colonel has been careful, very careful, indeed. O, yes, the colonel is sound enough financially. Anything up to a million I should say."

I thanked my new found friend for his kindness and went on my way, making further inquiries around Wall Street about the state of Hollister's finances. There was little enough to learn. Apparently the colonel was sound so far as money was concerned, and Glavis was the only man who knew that there had ever been any financial difficulty between him and his wife. Everywhere I investigated I found Hollister spoken of in the highest terms. He was a fine, honorable gentleman. Mrs. Hollister wasn't so well known among the colonel's friends. In order to make my investigation thorough I got on a Broadway car and rode up to the theatrical district, to the office of a friend of mine who conducted a booking agency. There I gathered that Mrs. Hollister, formerly Margaret Wynderling, was not as happy with her rich husband as she had expected to be. It seemed that Mrs. Hollister had expensive tastes. The colonel did not approve of them. At one time, so the gossip of the Rialto had it, Mrs. Hollister had gone so far as to threaten to go back to the stage to earn money to gratify her whims.

All these minute investigations may seem to the layman to be superfluous in a case like this. What could Hollister's family affairs have to do with the entry of a burglar into his home? I could not answer this question any better than the reader at the beginning of my search, but successful detective work is largely a matter of watching the small things. It is the little things that the wrong-doer fails to cover, not the big ones; and it is among these small things that the careful detective will often find the tiny item that puts him on the trail of something big. I had no definite plan in so carefully looking up the Hollister family circumstances; I only knew that it was my duty as an investigator of this case to discover all that I could about them.

I ran down all the information I could scare up in New York; then, next morning, I bought a ticket to the station on the Long Island Road, where the Hollister home was located.

I arrived at Soundhurst near noon and registered at the little hotel in the village. The clerk at the hotel

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She was dumb with terror; she strove to speak but the words would not come.

dined at my table and I led him to talk about the Hollister family. I was surprised to find that even there the news of the burglary had not become known, and the clerk did not hesitate in discussing the people who lived in the big house on the Sound.

"I've got a cousin who takes care of their launches and boats," said he, "and I know about all that's going on up there. And let me tell you, mister, those rich folks don't have so much smoother sailing than us poor ones. No sir, they have their rows just like we do. Why, here two months ago this spring, Mrs. Hollister had some of her old theatrical friends out for a visit, and they were raising Ned out in one of the big launches, and old Hollister came running out in a smaller launch and ordered the whole lot of 'em back to shore. They had a merry old row that night, him and her, and she was going to leave him, and then he cooled down, and at last she agreed to stay. I guess he must have given in to her because she's had that bunch of show people out every Saturday since. And believe me, they have some times. One of them is her brother—a young fellow; great sport. After the rest of 'em have gone to bed at night he comes down here and has a few drinks with the bunch. Great little fellow."

After dinner I went out and strolled down to the nearest telephone office and called up my friend in the booking office in New York.

"Do you know anything about Mrs. Hollister's brother, a little fellow with sporting tendencies?" I asked.

"Yes, I know of him," came the slow answer. "He's a little no-good. Tries to be an actor sometimes, and a press agent occasionally, and falls down on both jobs."

"What does he live on?"

"Search me. He always has money, though. I've heard that old Hollister sort of takes care of him. Don't believe it, though. The boy is a cheap, bright-light sport."

I went back to the hotel and sat around and smoked for a while until the clerk again fell into conversation

(*Continued on page* 85)

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Hon. Richard E. Enright, Colonel U. S. Officers, Reserve Corps, attached to Military Police.

Col. Peter E. Traub, in charge of the recruiting for the C. M. T. camps.

Cops in Camp

An Account of the Men of the Police who Wear the Brown-bronze of the Army

By Errol E. Hart

Illustrated with photographs from the New York Police Department.

General Charles P. Summerall, Commanding the New York district of the Army.

A RIVER of blue and gold was flowing down Fifth Avenue—the annual parade of the New York police. In indigo and shining brass, their silver badges glittering as high lights, rank after rank swept on.

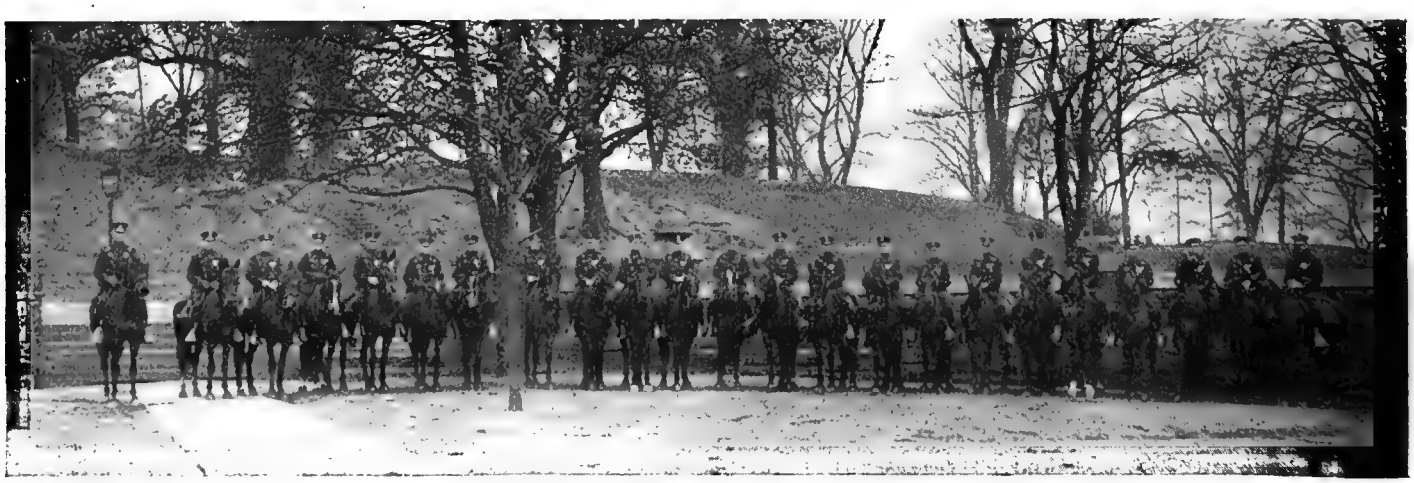
Suddenly came a blaze of vivid color. All eyes of the many thousands watching turned upstream to the approaching unit that was so different from the regulation mass that marched in blue. All the glories of the heavens were in the oncoming battalion. The flags of the nations of earth flaunted a challenge to the world on behalf of that greatest of all causes—peace on earth. All the tints the rainbow knows waved and fluttered there. And for every one of the forty-four flags, the International Police Conference, whose members looked on from the great stands, counted a representative of an important nation present and active in the cause of the world's security.

But this was not all. As another novelty in a New York police parade, there marched in proud escort of the standards of the nations, a company that broke the uniformity of the moving blur of blue with an eye-arresting splash of khaki. Tan and brown took the place of blue, bronze the place of brass—the uniforms of the officers of the United States army. The men who marched in them are the members of the Officers' Reserve Corps of the army who are also of the New York Police.

There is always something new in a police parade in the metropolis. And the two novelties of 1925 are the massed colors of all nations and the great company of Reserve Officers who escorted them.

Probably no one but Commissioner Enright and the officers themselves had suspected how many New York policemen had joined the Officers' Reserve Corps as part of the National defense. The surprisingly large number of men in khaki was the first evidence presented to the world at large of the interest that New York's bluecoats take in the defense of the nation.

Everyone knows of the great work Commissioner



A mounted detachment of twenty-three men.

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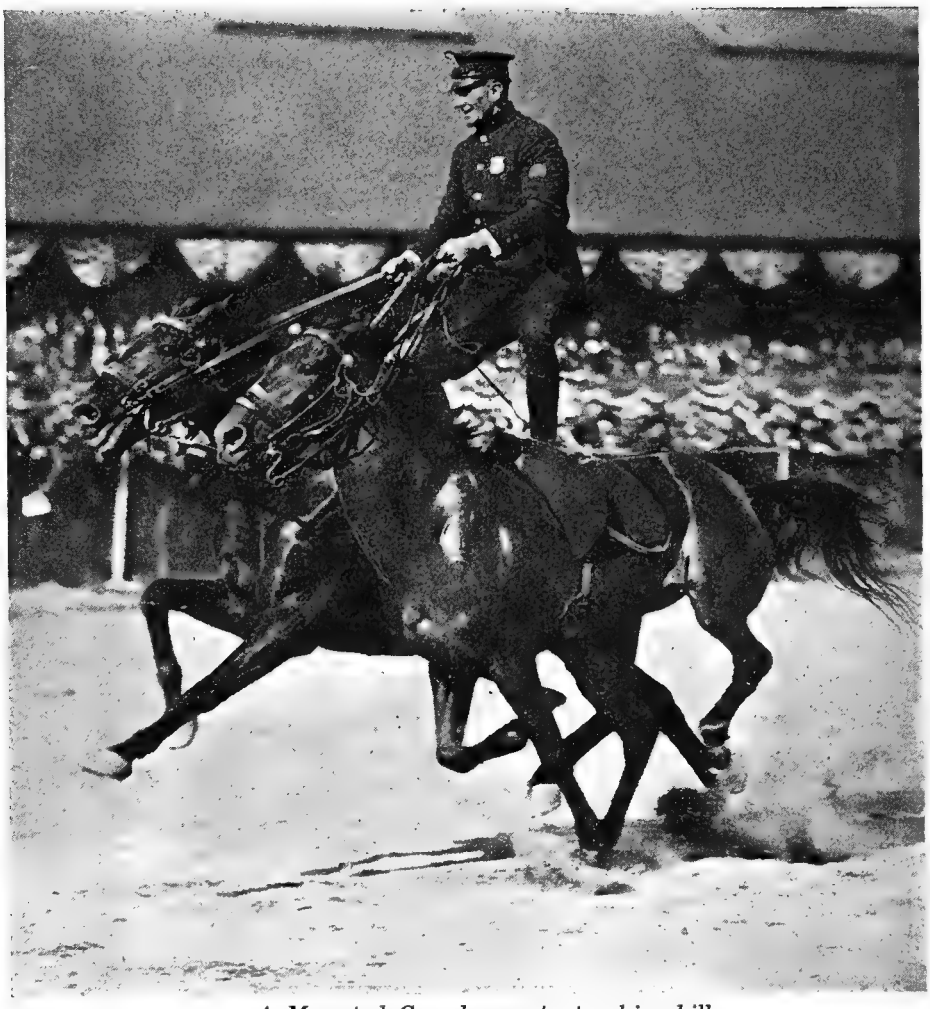
Enright and his men did in policing America's focal point of the war. But not everyone knows of the extent to which that interest has been continued.

It has taken two definite forms. First, the creation of this large company of men of the police who wear the brown-bronze of the army as officers in reserve, each one awaiting the call to arms.

The second form is the enthusiastic contribution to the C. M. T. camps—those great organizations by which the manhood of the nation is developed and citizens instructed in the privileges, duties and responsibilities of American citizenship. Policemen and the sons of policemen, police reservists and their sons, and likewise the sons of members of the women's reserve, are going to the camps in large numbers.



A Mounted Cop demonstrates his skill.

Especially interesting was the departure for the June camp at Blauvelt, New York, of a party of twenty reserve officers. This camp is especially for officers, and the New York and other police forces have contributed materially to it.

The New York policemen who, as members of the O. R. C., are in active training at Blauvelt, are: Captains James J. Gegan and John H. Ayers, of the 11th Division; Sergeant Martin J. Cauffield, of the 68th Precinct; Detectives Martin S. Owens, William J. Sullivan, George E. McCartney, Daniel S. Leahy, Francis E. Trainor, Harry I. McArdle, George W. Cook, Ernest L. Moore, Harold A. Divine, John O. Dale, all of the 11th Division Patrolmen Roger J. Sullivan, of the 70th Precinct, Lambert Hanstein, of Traffic Precinct A, and Benjamin King, Arthur O'Neill and Francis A. Travis, of the 13th Division; John F. McGuire, 8th Precinct, Robert J. Smith, 70th Precinct, and Frank J. Agnew, 54th Precinct.

The C. M. T. Camps are the direct outgrowth of the Plattsburg Camp of pre-war days. The great conflict having revealed that about half the young men of the country were physically unfit for service, Congress, in 1920, authorized camps which today have about 35,000 students in them each summer. Primarily, of course, the camps teach Americanism in its truest sense, but at the same time they also teach respect for law, strengthen the self-respect of the students, develop alertness and promote physical and moral courage, besides making all students healthier and more efficient.

A full course in the camps is four years, first a year in the basic camp at Plattsburg, then three years in

A parade at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

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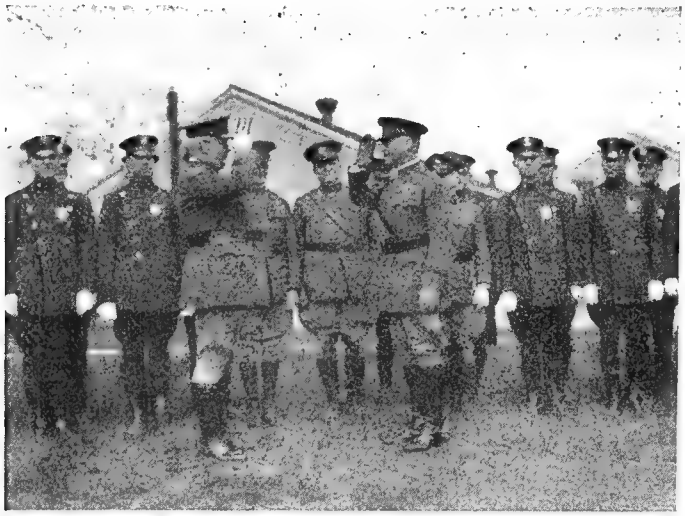

Commissioner Enright and General Summerall with Insp. Gen. McKinney, in charge of Police Reserves, in center.

specialized camps in what are called red, white and blue courses, which correspond to the advancement of the student, year by year.

At the end of the four years a student may be recommended for commission as second lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve, but there is no obligation to military service in taking the camp courses.

Mornings in the camps, from 7:30 to 11:30, are filled with drill, calisthenics, and citizenship instruction. The afternoons are given to recreation, athletics and sometimes to target practice. The citizenship courses are based on the idea that each student is taking an active part in the greatest experiment in civilization that the world has ever seen. All the camps have facilities for swimming and there is music at each of them. Most of the students take with them to the camp such athletic equipment as they possess, and find that the active instruction of the morning stirs them to equally active recreation in the afternoon.

A most noteworthy contribution to the C. M. T. Camps is the detail of twenty-five mounted New York policemen who will go to the Cavalry Camp at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, from August 3 to September 1.

Chosen by Police Commissioner Enright on recommendation of Lieutenant Lynch, head of the Department of Horsemanship in the Police Academy, these men are all veterans of the World War, and the more eager, because of that fact, to enter the training camp.

These policemen will go to the cavalry camp under exactly the same conditions as any other citizen, the government providing them with uniforms, horses, transportation, meals, tents, etc.

It is due to the excellent co-operation that exists between General Charles P. Summerall, commanding the New York district of the Army, and Commissioner Enright of the police of the metropolis, that the trip of this company of young horsemen was arranged. General Summerall is one of the great admirers of the New York police force and Colonel Peter E. Traub, in charge of the recruiting for the C. M. T. Camps, is also a friend of the bluecoats.

As Colonel Traub has often, on invitation of Commissioner Enright, addressed the men in blue in inspiring strains, he was only too glad to put into practical effect a co-operative arrangement arrived at by General Summerall and Commissioner Enright.

By this move of placing its men in active camps where they will receive highly specialized instruction along the lines of their police duty, the New York Police Department has put itself in line with many of the great employers of men in the metropolis. Ninety-seven great industrial concerns, every one of them known throughout the nation, has sent squads of picked men to the various camps. These are concerns such as the New York Times; the American Sugar Refining Company; Standard Oil Company; the United States Rubber Company; International Paper Company and American Locomotive Company. All of these industries pay their men while in camp and feel that they are compensated by the fact that the men return to them better citizens and far more vigorous employees.

The New York Police Department, in that its men not only gain the general benefits of the camps, but are specially trained in their line of work in the department, get a double benefit as compared to the employees of the great industrial houses.

These men have already been trained in horseback work in the New York department by an army officer who is detailed to assist the Department of Horsemanship, but their training at Fort Ethan Allen will be far more continuous and strenuous.

Like the other specialized camps of the C. M. T. system, the cavalry camp is intended primarily for men who have passed through the basic or first course camp at Plattsburg. This requirement was waived in the case of the police in view of the military training they had received in the department, and the choice of men who were all veterans of the World War.

In the camp work horseback riding and horsemanship in general are made the center around which all instruction is grouped.

The instruction is to be well supervised by experienced officers of the Third

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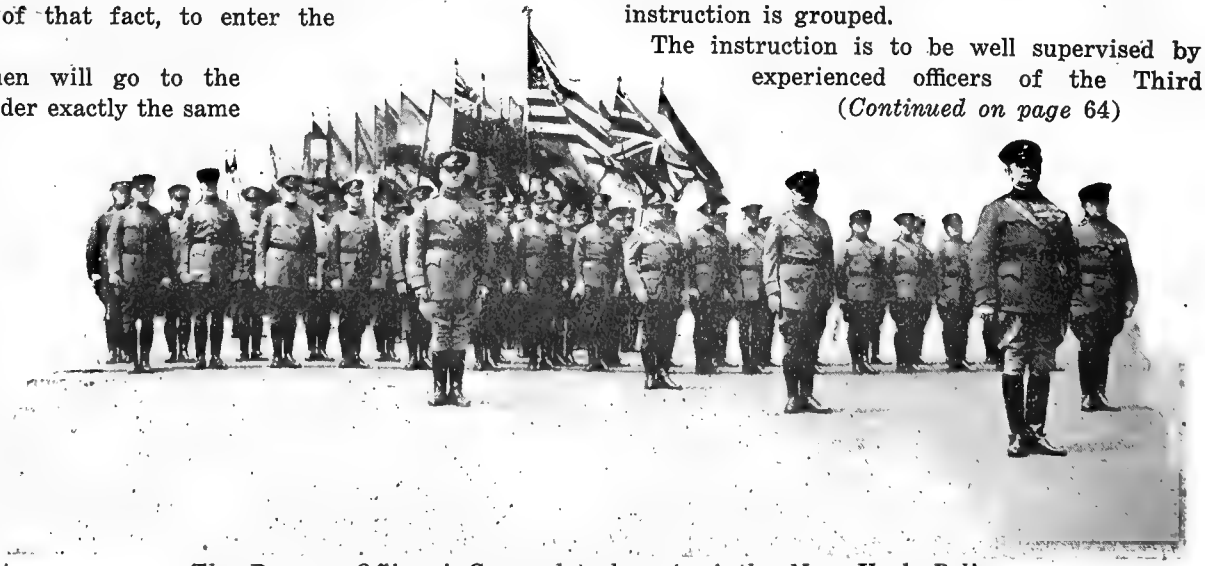

The Reserve Officers' Corps detachment of the New York Police.

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What is a Kangaroo? Where Does God Live?

? ?

By An Old Patrolman

FIFTEEN years on a police force have taught me a lot of things about children. In fact the little citizens have contributed about as much to my education as I ever got from police school, courts, or instruction from superior officers.

No real policeman who is interested in his work can afford to neglect his contact with children, for he will find they can be of tremendous help to him in carrying on his duty of neighborhood protection. To begin with, one of the first lessons I had was from a fatherly sergeant who sent me out on my initial patrol and shepherded me for the trying weeks that followed.

"Be thick with the little ones," he said. "Get them to know you, and then to trust you. There's nothing so open and square and aboveboard as the mind of a child. City children have a hard time just being children. Help them to get the best of life. Watch over them, sympathize with them, love them. If they get to trust you, it will astonish you to learn how much help they can be."

Fortunately, I like children. If I were a new patrolman and found that I did not like them, I should at once begin to distrust myself, and my first task should be to learn to understand them.

No worth-while policeman would frighten children. Foolish parents sometimes threaten their youngsters with fear of "the cop." Wherever that has happened to me I have taken the father or mother aside and explained how wrong they are. The blue and the brass must always mean safety and protection. The little folks have troubles, and griefs and problems that are no less real than the woes of older people. Tomorrow they will be the sovereign citizens, and the kind of citizens they will become is due to the kind of education they get today.

In the city the streets are the youngster's playground, and, unfortunately, that playground has to serve other uses also, some of them not always of the best. Danger lurks there, and not always physical danger—too often it is a moral peril. Children are shy and sensitive. They have questions to be answered, and the policeman on their beat should be able and anxious to answer. Those who have lived with children know how sponge-like are their minds. Often their elders put them off, or answer ignorantly, and older children give wrong answers. The policeman, if he is a wise and kindly man, will coax the small people to come to him with many things, and he should know how to give the right answer in the right way.

Criminals are too often the product of the conditions in which they have been raised from infancy. Once we used to hear a lot about the criminal type, but criminals are just ordinary folks who got off to a wrong start, generally when they were very young. A policeman can see when youngsters are beginning to go wrong. If he has the confidence of the children he will soon learn of the first experimental excursions of "Jimmy" or "Mamie" down the forbidden pathways. Trifling depredations, petty destructiveness, small cruelties to other children or animals, sooner or later will come to the ears of the "cop," and that is where he will find use for his horse-sense. A little private talk with the youthful offender, an explanation of the dangers of law violation, and how and why the law was made to be a protection to all people, young and old, generally helps a lot, but it needs to be done privately.

When I heard of such wrong beginnings I used to wait until I was off duty and in civilian clothes, and then hunt up the youngster to have my little talk.

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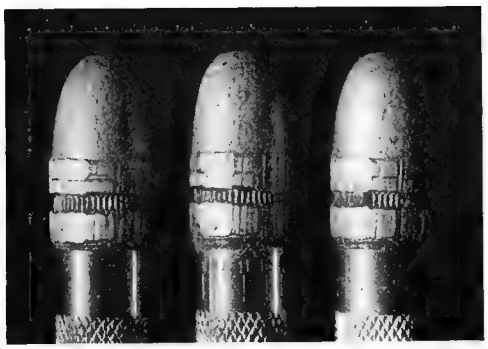
The Silent Witness Speaks

The expert real or pretended, can do no more than say, "This is my opinion."



The inanimate witness silently intimates, "Here are the facts; see them for yourself."

The Work of Charles E. Waite

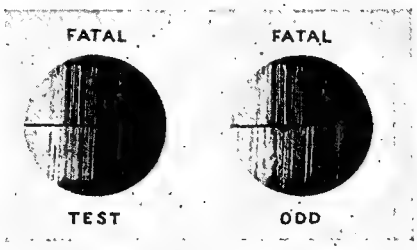
Reported by Major Walcott LeClear Beard

WHENEVER a court functions, and the fate of a man or a woman depends upon the humanly uncertain justice of its verdict, one need above all others is that for what might be called a perfect witness—one who can testify to the truth alone. Especially is this true in murder cases. There has now been placed in the hands of Justice for the first time a science that turns the silent, inanimate bullet into such a witness—a witness that cannot lie—as opposed to the expert, real or pretended, who can and frequently does. At best the latter can do no more than say, "This is my opinion," but the former silently intimates, "Here are the facts; see them for yourself."

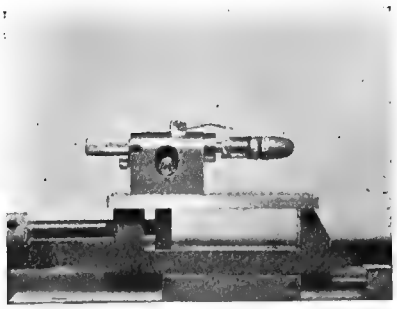
It is not contended that all experts are either dishonest or incompetent, for this is untrue. To assert that the expert is wholly lacking in legitimate usefulness would also be untrue. But the statement that any expert, no matter how learned, may sometimes be deceived, is simply a statement of indisputable fact.

Hence the spurious pictures which are included in great art collections and the forged documents which have served their nefarious purposes; yet no one denies that there would be many more undetected fakes and forgeries were it not for the experts. Into art and chirography alike, moreover, there enters a humanly personal element which renders impossible any decision other than that of the human expert; and in these lines of endeavor such decisions rarely or never concern themselves with questions more important than those of value, sentimental or monetary or both.

Obviously it is where a man's life is involved that the ultimate responsibility rests upon the technical testimony admitted, and here, it is true, the purely human element has become somewhat less prevalent. The microscope, the camera and the chemist's reagents all have done their parts in offering the testimony which cannot fail to be true. The most important question of all, that of human identification, has largely been solved by finger-printing; the least fallible also the oldest method known to man; and yet—to our shame be it said—it is the most recent method to be employed by Western civilization. But there was another question of identification, less frequent to be sure, though no less important when met, which still depended for solution on the opinion of the expert witness or else remained unsolved.



How fatal bullets are connected with a suspect's pistol. Comparison through special microscope shows that fatal bullets either match precisely with others fired as tests (as on left) or do not match (as on right). The fine grooves and ridges on all bullets fired from one weapon match to a hair.



Holder for examining bullet under microscope

In most European countries, and also in practically every state in our Union, any legal proceeding which involves the life of one man is based upon the death of another, deliberately caused by violence or—much more rarely—by poison. Violence nearly always implies the use of a weapon; and in the United States at least, this usually means our traditional weapon—the pistol.

Someone has been shot and killed. The fatal bullet is extracted from the victim's body. A suspect owns a pistol of a caliber identical with or at least closely similar to that of the bullet; and very possibly it can be proved that the pistol was in his possession at the time of the murder. Was it his pistol from which the fatal shot was fired?

This is a typical question of the sort mentioned above. It is one which, with hardly a variation, has been repeated countless times in the past and will undoubtedly be repeated in the future. According to the way the

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experts answered this question—for until very recently they alone were supposedly competent to answer it—a man would continue to live or might be led forth to die. Whether or not their answer would be correct was about an even chance—a fifty-fifty break.

Until very recently there was no scientifically certain method of linking a fatal bullet to a given gun. No man in the world, save in rarely obvious cases, was competent to give an opinion of this sort upon which the life or liberty of a man might depend.

Now there are four men, all working together, who may fairly be considered qualified to give an opinion on this point—but they will not. They don't believe in giving opinions. Their aim is to make the bullet speak for itself; and this they have done.

The first man to make a definite move toward the adequate supply of this crying need was Mr. Charles E. Waite, of New York. He was not, of course, the first to discern the need itself; that has been recognized ever since breech-loading firearms became an important factor in crime. Neither was he the only man to attempt the solution of the problems which this need presents.

Bullets long ago were photographed and their pictures enlarged; this is an obvious procedure which, within limits, is not without its uses. In Copenhagen the Danish police went a step farther. They designed a holder which, by fixing a bullet on its true longitudinal axis, allows it to be rolled on its side over any one of various substances—tin or lead foil, dental wax, etc.—thus leaving a fairly accurate imprint of the bullet's surface. But the fixing of the bullet in this holder involves mutilation of the center of its base and the apex of its ogive which would be more than likely to exclude it as evidence from any court in the United States. Furthermore, the Danish method is not applicable when a bullet has been mushroomed or otherwise deformed, and as a result the method can be employed in but a small percentage of cases. A photograph of this holder appeared in our June number.

The Stielow Case bullets

The four-groove bullet that killed Charles B. Phelps. (First use of multiple photograph showing complete bullet in five views.)

Test bullet fired from foul gun of Stielow showing five grooves.

Test from partially cleaned bore of same revolver.

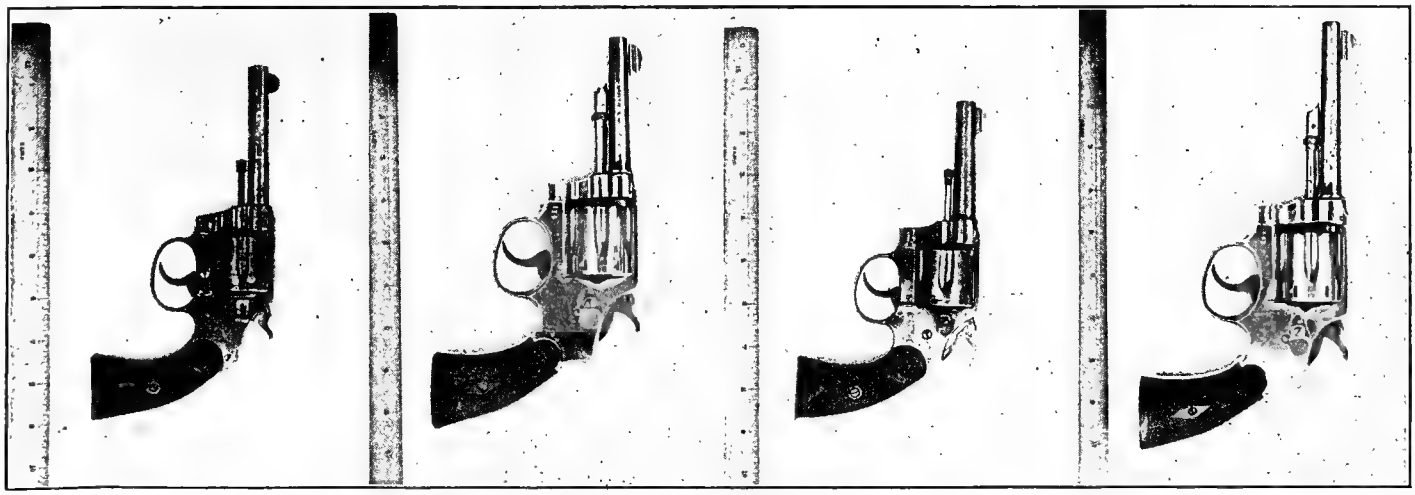
Test after bore was cleaned

The Danish method, though leaving much to be desired, was the only method of its sort then extant, and therefore it was copied by many in its essentials, notably by the French *Police Judiciare*. They eliminated the holder, with its attendant mutilation, but at the same time sacrificed much of what accuracy the unchanged Danish process could boast. But the method at best was not perfect; and in such cases imperfection necessarily means uncertainty, when the utmost nicety of precision is, or most certainly should be, an absolutely essential prerequisite.

Mr. Waite had realized the existence of this need of positive bullet identification for years; no thinking man whose mind was led in that direction could fail to realize it. His realization, however, was largely abstract until the Stielow case impelled him to concrete action.

That the case in question came within a hair's breath of becoming one of the most flagrant miscarriages of justice that ever disgraced civilized courts is of importance to this article only because this threatened injustice did act as an impelling force. The case is far too long and too complicated to be recounted here. For present purposes it may be summarized as follows:

In the early spring of 1915 Charles B. Phelps and his housekeeper were murdered in Orleans County, New York. Charles Stielow, a German farm-hand of very low mentality, was accused of the crime. Unable themselves to handle the case, the county authorities called in private



Cheap forgeries of famous makes of revolvers which are sold indiscriminately.

Genuine, Colt — *Genuine, Smith & Wesson* — *Imitation, Colt* — *Imitation, Smith & Wesson*

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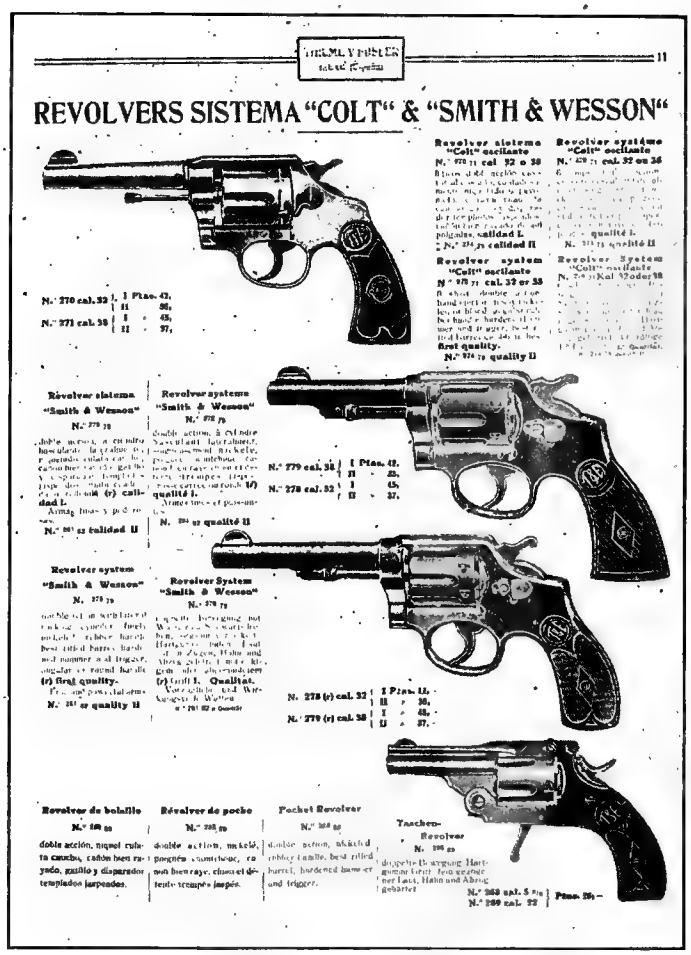
detectives who managed to extort a so-called "confession" from Stielow.

Phelps and the woman had been shot by a cheap pistol of .22 caliber, and Stielow owned a weapon of this sort. In order to connect the pistol with the fatal bullets, the authorities introduced expert testimony to the effect that the fatal bullet had been fired from Stielow's revolver. Stielow was convicted and was sentenced to death five times, and once was within a few minutes of the electric chair, but each time an accumulating mass of evidence in Stielow's favor caused his reprieve. Governor Whitman appointed George H. Bond, a prominent lawyer of Syracuse, to investigate the facts, and Mr. Bond commandeered Mr. Waite from the Attorney-General's office, where he was then attached. They uncovered flaws of ever-increasing size and significance in the State's evidence as their investigation proceeded. The most significant flaw of all was found in the evidence which connected the fatal bullets with Stielow's pistol.



Page from catalogue of Spanish jobbers who pose as manufacturers.

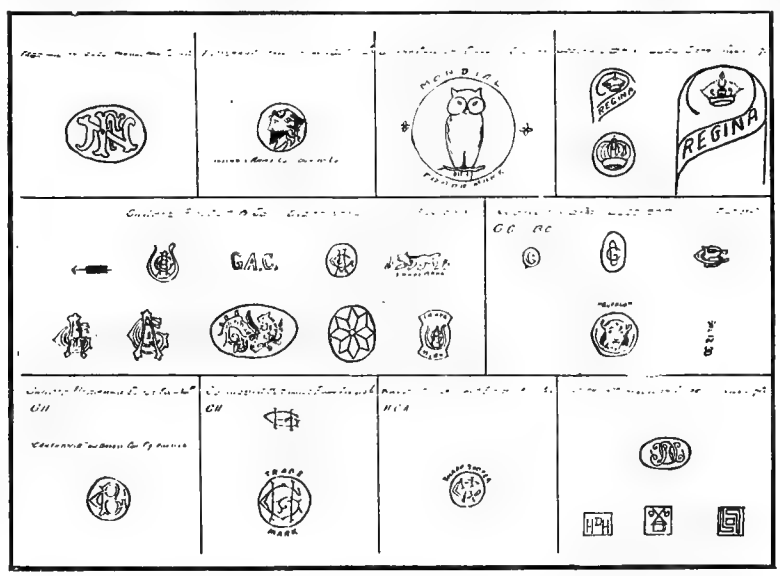
From this gun, its bore encrusted with the accumulated dirt and corrosion of years, three test shots were fired; two before it was cleaned and one afterward. All three showed identical and characteristic markings apparent even to the layman's unaided eye—but none of them checked with the bullets fired by the murderer. The murderer's bullets, moreover, offered testimony even more convincing.

Stielow's gun, though identical in make and model with that which fired the fatal shots, had originally been as perfect as those cheap affairs ever are. The murderer's gun, on the other hand, was a freak; one of the grooves had been entirely left out of the rifling. Consequently there was a blank space left in the bore equal in width to that of one groove and two lands; three-tenths, that is to say, of the barrel's entire inner circumference. This blank space left an impress upon the bullets that was as plain to be seen as the bullet itself. By no possibility could such a bullet have been fired from Stielow's gun.

That the real murderers were caught and that one of them made an actual confession are facts quite irrelevant to the present purpose. The points are these. The Stielow case transformed Mr. Waite's interest in evidence of this sort from a passive to an active state. Also it afforded him a glimmer—no more—of the difficulties he would have to encounter before such evidence could be reduced to a definite and efficient system. But the glimmer was sufficiently bright to guide him in setting about his task in the only proper manner, and in dealing with each difficulty as he came to it.

Mr. Waite's thought was this: Someone has been murdered—shot—and the murderer escaped. The bullet is extracted from the victim's body. The fact that it caused death is all that is known about it; all other information must be given by the bullet itself.

The bullet could only reflect the markings of the barrel through which it had been fired. Were the barrels of any or all makers in any way standardized? He fired bullets from as many models of American-made guns as he could obtain, and found that the rifling of the various makers differed in all instances. Apparently each maker was using an individual standard, but was this a fact? Was there anywhere along the line a duplication as between makers in the rifling of their barrels?



The heart of the Pistol Identification System—sample page of Mr. Waite's index of private marks on pistols. These are all foreign.

As a first step Mr. Waite obtained the shop standards of all American-made revolvers and pistols now being manufactured and commonly used, and, as far as possible, the data concerning disused or obsolete models. The rifling standards of all American makers differed. But at this point a monumental difficulty arose. The guns be-

(*Continued on page* 90)

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A secretary of the legation had been found dead, hanging by his neck to a projecting hinge of a door in his room.

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The Hand of Fate Closes

A Story of the Unraveling of the Threads of Tragic Circumstances Surrounding the Mysterious Deaths of Two Aristocrats.

As told by

Professor Salvatore Ottilenghi, Director of the Scientific Police School of Italy

To

"Barry James"

Illustrated by F. A. HAMILTON

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It takes much to startle Rome. During the ages since first she rested on her seven hills all the evil that man can devise has been done within her limits again and again. Yet Rome was startled. For this alarm had come from the Austrian Embassy, and a foreign embassy is a sacred thing. Worse still, Italy and Austria had recently been at war, and this killing seemed to be accompanied by circumstances of peculiar atrocity. If the killer's apprehension failed promptly to follow, the affair would automatically become one of international enquiry, undoubtedly with an added edge of acrimony rendered none the less keen by the respective positions of the two countries involved.

Still, there was at first no reason to suppose that the case would offer special difficulties, though even according to information given by that agitated voice over the telephone, its features were peculiar.

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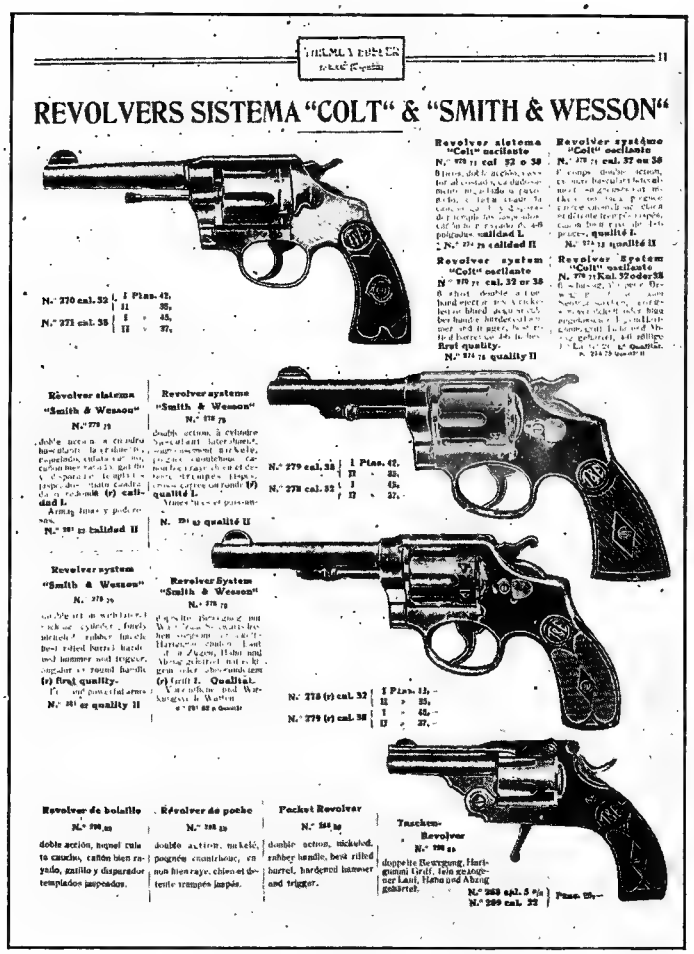

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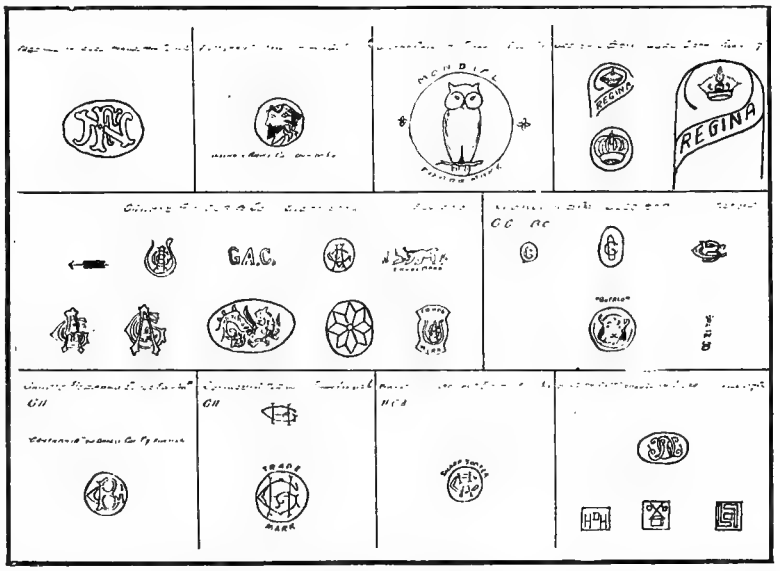

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jecting hinge of a door in his room. Ordinarily this would have caused his death to be ascribed to suicide without reason for doubt or question, but not so in this instance. There were three pistol-shots in his head, and this fact changed everything. For men do not murder other men by hanging them except in cases like lynching, when overwhelming odds make resistance impossible.

There were other proofs also, which became evident at once, that Franz von Geiermahl did not come to his death by hanging. His face was not blackened by congested blood, no swollen tongue protruded horribly from his open mouth—in short, the symptoms of strangulation were wholly lacking. An examination of the premises and the ascertainable facts led the police to the logical and natural conclusion that Franz had been murdered and the body afterward hung where it was found, also that this was done by the murderer in a clumsy attempt to divert suspicion from himself by creating an impression of suicide.

On its surface, then, the case was simply one of murder that presented some features which, though much out of the common, were by no means unprecedented. The accustomed routine of the Roman police therefore was allowed to proceed without interference at first, for long experience had proved that this was usually the shortest path toward a solution. In this instance, however, owing to the place in which this act was committed, all reports were forwarded to the highest Italian police authority as soon as they were made.

This authority was—and is—Professor Salvatore Ottolenghi, Director of the Scientific Police School of Italy. Upon seeing him no observer, however expert, ever would dream of connecting him with the police. Small, quiet, and even diffident in manner, his appearance suggests only the scientist that he is. For of him it is said that he is the only experienced detective in the world whose record shows one hundred per cent of successful achievement. In all the years he has devoted to curbing the activities of Italian criminals, proverbially subtle in their minds and methods, never once has he failed to solve a problem that was placed before him.

Professor Ottolenghi himself modestly disclaims this tribute, averring that he has succeeded in a majority of cases only; but even so, it is certain that this majority must be a very large one. Yet, according to the facts as he read them in the reports turned in by the precinct detectives—as New York would call them—the Professor was very much inclined to agree with the conclusions they had drawn. These conclusions were, however, only a beginning.

Granting that the deceased had met his death by murder—then who was the murderer? This was the first all-important question, and to find the correct answer in the short time that would elapse before pointed inquiries and adverse criticisms made themselves felt, promised to tax to their limits all the brains that could be brought to bear upon it. This was not owing to the lack of clues—quite the contrary! Clues were so many that it was nearly or quite impossible to follow them all at once and do justice to each.

It remained, then, to select the clues which seemed most likely to lead to results. With that end in view the dead man's history and character were thoroughly examined. This was not a difficult feat to accomplish. His recent history, and all of his more salient characteristics, were known actually or by hearsay to practically all Rome.

Franz von Geiermahl was the younger son of a noble Austrian family, one so highly placed in the social scale that its position approximates that of royalty. But it was not rich, as such families go. The life of a secretary in a great embassy entails many expenses of a necessary sort, to these necessary expenses young Geiermahl's habits had added many more. He owed much; his need of money was great and constantly growing. The Roman money-lenders had been exhausted, so far as he was concerned, in confidence and patience alike. They had hounded him vainly in their attempts to recover some portion of what he owed them.

One of these usurers had become even more than usually insistent. As it became increasingly evident that nothing was to be had from his debtor he was furious, and in his anger was heard to utter threats which he shouted at the top of his voice. This was during an interview which he held with Geiermahl within a few hours, at most, of the time when the latter's death must have occurred, and the money-lender was therefore one of the last who could have seen him alive.

This man was arrested at once and as a matter of course; his threats had made his arrest imperative. It is true that a temper so ill-governed as to lead its owner to shout deadly threats in a foreign embassy might readily take him a step farther, and cause him to carry out those threats. But having done so, it seemed to Professor Ottolenghi extremely improbable that this man would have the coolness and cunning necessary to attempt concealment of his crime by causing it to appear like a suicide by hanging. It is rare indeed that the psychology of persons of violent temper will operate in such a manner.

From the first, therefore, the Professor was inclined to believe in this man's innocence, and it may as well be said at this point that very shortly he was proved to be right. This, however, eliminated one man only from the long list of possibilities. Practically every money-lender in Rome—and also, for that matter, every inmate of the Austrian Embassy—was under some measure of suspicion. But by no means was it an equal measure; at least, not for long.

So general a suspicion necessitated, of course, a process of elimination. This naturally took the form of examinations into the characters and immediately antecedent conduct of all upon whom suspicion had fallen. And this in turn brought forth a single suspect in such high relief that for a time police activities were concentrated almost exclusively upon him.

This man we may disguise under the name of Friedrich von Engelkindt. He, like Geiermahl, was in the Austrian diplomatic service, though a step or two lower in rank. But at this point all resemblance between them ended. In character they differed diametrically. Geiermahl aspired to the reputation of a devil among the women, while Engelkindt revered them. One modelled his character upon, say, Don Juan, the other upon that of Galahad. Thrown together as they were, it was almost inevitable that two such men should quarrel, and quarrel they did. It was the last

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She was begging the man to marry her; he was refusing.

and most serious of these differences that gave Professor Ottolenghi his first real clue.

It is hardly necessary to state the cause of that quarrel; in view of the character of the two men concerned it goes without saying that it was over a woman. Neither was it immediately necessary to inquire into the character and antecedents of this woman, for that had already been done. The reports of those inquiries had already been placed upon the Professor's desk when this affair at the Embassy burst upon him, setting him to work, as it were, under forced draught.

We'll call her Giuglia. She was just a girl—and she was dead. After a stormy scene with her fiancé, said the report, he and she had parted. He had left for Tripoli; she, overwhelmed by grief, had shot herself. The pistol—her own pistol—which had done the deed was found by her side where it fell when her dying hand relaxed its grasp.

Suicides owing to blighted love affairs are more common with Italians than among those who are bred in colder lands. In the beginning, therefore, this sad case had appeared so simple that any but the usual formal police investigation was apparently quite uncalled for; but now all this was changed. Figuratively speaking, the detectives clawed away surface indications like terriers in their search for hidden facts. They were successful enough, in a way. Facts were revealed—but led nowhere.

Von Engelkindt, when questioned through his Embassy, answered readily enough. He had worshipped Giuglia from afar. But she was beautiful; and Franz von Geiermahl had always been keenly alive to beauty. His whirlwind wooing had easily prevailed against the tame and unspectacular methods of his less dashing rival. He won Giuglia—and that was the beginning of the end.

According to his custom, Geiermahl carried on his affair until its freshness began to fade, and then dropped it. Therefore it was of short duration, but even so it had become known, and Giuglia's reputation suffered accordingly. Long before these foreigners came to Rome she was affianced to a compatriot of hers, and it was on account of this scandal over her affair with Geiermahl that her fiancé left her and departed for Tripoli. It was because Franz von Geiermahl would not right the wrong he had done—and there was no reason why he should not, for Giuglia's family was quite as ancient and as highly placed as his own—that he and Englekindt had quarreled.

This was Friedrich von Engelkindt's story, much condensed; and up to this point Professor Ottolenghi was inclined to accept his statements as substantially cor-

(*Continued on page* 59)

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A Fraternity of Aliens for Americanization

"I can picture the great army of foreign-born banded together as one great fraternal organization. . . ."

". . . working toward the end of fostering better citizenship and greater respect for American institutions."

Written for the Police Magazine

By James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor

Illustrated with Photographs

It has not been by a mere matter of chance that the United States has become great and its people prosperous. There is something more than luck in maintaining the stability of a government, the theory of which was different from any which had ever been successfully tried before, one which required perseverance, hard work, study and training of the citizenry for the specific task of self-government, as well as the exercise and enjoyment of the rights of labor and recreation.

The American-born child has before him a definite period of instruction. In school he is developed to meet the particular educational needs of the young man who expects upon attaining majority to take a definite part in the rule of his land. The proper preparation of the native-born American for the task of self-government is the concern of all American society. The State leaves nothing to chance—the school laws throughout the nation, though not uniform, require generally a certain school attendance, and this attendance is assured through the annual school census, aided sometimes by the bugaboo of child life, the truant officer.

Speaking of the school census, what is a census anyway? Why do we have a complete census every ten years and certain specific censuses on particular phases of American accomplishment at shorter periods? What

A Bavarian

Strangers at our Gates

A Slovak Girl

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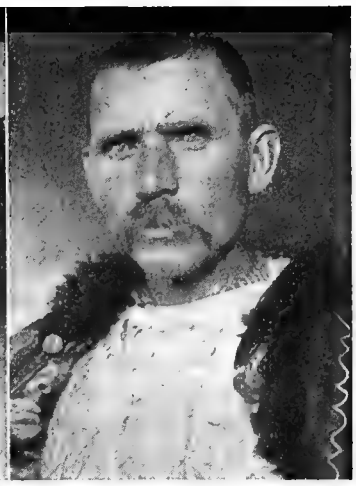
A Lithuanian Girl

Arabs



A Roumanian Farmer

is the need of the census that the nation should go to such enormous expense as enumeration requires? A census is a means of collecting information, coordinating it and making available facts, pure and unadulterated, which may be used as a basis for study and solution of various problems of economic, industrial, commercial and civic importance. We cannot successfully complete any job without knowing it. You cannot solve any problem of arithmetic without figures.

How true it is that no condition ever remains the same for any length of time. Man and man's accomplishments are either progressing or retrogressing. There is no middle ground. We aim always to go forward but without knowing where we stand with relation to the objects about us, we may feel we are moving and yet not know the direction. The census tells us where we are "at", to use the language of the street.

The United States today has no easy problem to solve in its alien question. We know that there are nearly six million aliens in the country and that there are whole communities where foreign customs prevail and foreign tongues are spoken, but as a nation we do not know the whole story. There is only one way for us to get down to brass tacks in the solution of the alien problem, and that is by getting the facts, then analyzing them and taking constructive measures for correcting the situation where it is found serious.

The Congress of the United States has for some time considered the increasing proportion of alien residents and the bringing in and teaching of strange and unsound doctrines of economic and political control. The Immigration Act of 1917 prohibits the admission of aliens who are anarchists or members of certain unlawful organizations as well as providing for the deportation of aliens found in the United States engaged in activities detrimental to government by constituted authority. The 1921 and subsequent quota laws were positive measures to check the entrance into the United States of aliens in such large numbers as to make the problem of assimilation a difficult one. Our greatest problem today is the establishment and maintenance of a policy toward the stranger within our gates.

Citizenship is not a matter of form —it must come from the heart.

It is in the solution of this problem that I propose the annual enrollment of our alien population. The average alien, who today is without adequate opportunity to learn what America means, is in this country ten years before he is naturalized. Primarily the idea that I wish to express in compulsory enrollment of all aliens is to be helpful to the alien; first of all, in that it would provide the facts and the foundation upon which we could build a national program for expediting assimilation and encouraging naturalization. This is not a proposal looking toward compulsory citizenship, for citizenship is not a mere matter of form; it must come from the heart. Naturalization tells only half the story of assimilation into American life.

The enrollment of all aliens will give rise to a system that would do two things; give the alien who honestly and conscientiously seeks to comply with our laws and to fit himself for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, the help which he must have to accomplish this end; clear the way for the elimination of the foreigner who is here in defiance of our laws or who preaches the downfall of American institutions.

The proposed legislation is essentially a program of education in which every alien enrolls for citizenship training. It will provide the contact now lacking between the foreign-born resident and the government. Furthermore, it will enable the government to know its task because it will have adequate and complete information concerning the individual needs and the collective needs of the aliens in a community. It will prove an identification which will establish for all purposes his right to be in the United States. This identity, during a time such as at present when thousands of aliens are illegally in the United States, is certainly worth something

(*Continued on page* 79)

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EDITORIALS

Cooperation

CENTURIES roll on. Procedure in all things must be adapted to the ever-changing background. Perhaps you are descended from a monkey—perhaps you are not. A plan is now in prospect to procure judicial determination of the question. Oddly enough, such is the gripping fascination of the "snappy slogan" the true thought has been submerged. Our publicity men propounded that "man descended from monkey"; our scientists that the two were brought to their present state from a common Simian stem. But though the jury may remain always out, certain it is that man is not now what he once was.

The primitive human being, beetling-browed, bulleteyed, flat-nosed, with strong protruding teeth and heavy rounded chin, massive shoulders, drooping into long, hairy arms, swinging beside stumpy, wide-spread legs, was not the man of today. He walked erect as man does now, but he had never heard the sweet voice of an unseen damsel say: "Wrong number? Excuse it please." His acquaintanceship was confined to his own family circle; his peregrinations limited to his search for food. Hands were his weapons; quickness and low, brute cunning his recourse. The pithecanthropus, the eoanthropus, the neanderthal man, the cromagnon man, following in quick succession in geologic time, each, with his age, made his contribution to advancement.

The family group, first limited to the "dominating male" and his partly dependent, partly enslaved, females and younger children, gradually expanded. Groups banding together found hunting and self protection more facile in numbers. With the increased safety the range of the tribes extended, but still it was punctuated by the distance one may wander in a day—on foot. Primal instinct prevailed. Self preservation, that basic impulse of the human race, reigned. Trespasses within the tribe against the property rights of the individual were resented tooth and nail. Retribution was sudden, violent, self-reliant. Group met group and passed gibbering, or fought avidly for crude implements. Marauders stole from camps stealthily. Visionary indeed were they who first planted crops, domesticated the food animals, and trained the beasts of burden.

When to the two-logged drag was added that creation of genius, the wheel, first solid slab, later spoked, rimmed and shod with metal, the range of man's rovings was further extended. No longer was the collectivity tied to its cultivation; no longer was man circumscribed within the radius of his wanderings on foot. Nor were the thought sounds of his own small group his sole means of verbal communication; he had learned from others. With the heliolithic culture came customs, the slow spread of ideas; isolated groups whose members through migratory travel had exchanged thought. Methods known in one place were practiced many miles away. The Sumerians devised cunieform writing, rude scratches on slabs of clay which might be passed from hand to hand. Nippur, uncovered in the Mesopotanian strip, buried eight thousand years, was a teeming city built of brick. Closer crowding facilitated the inertly selfish in pilfering undetected.

Egypt developed organization. It was serfdom, yes—the pyramids were built beneath the lash—nevertheless it was directed effort. Class hatred bred with class distinctions. That feeling of injustice, fostered by the hopeless struggle against established order, was born of insufficiency. Age old human weakness, inexcusable as it is unconquerable, forgave to self its slinking depredations between neighbor and neighbor. Rulers ranked demigods. Casual adjutication meted out summary death. The Assyrian, Chaldean, Persian, Helenic, Roman, Attilan and Ottoman empires rose, spread, fluctuated, disintegrated. Peoples fused with peoples. Communications were established. Mohammed sent a letter to Tai-Tsung. Yuan Chwang traveled for Buddhist relics in India. The migratory hordes, seeking pasture, seeking conquest, seeking trade, exchanged culture, and exchanged perversions of culture.

In mediæval Europe, that stagnation of mental advancement, class distinctions hardened. The primitive was cloaked in noble disguise. Hypocrisy became an art. And beneath it self preservation prevailed; slinking, sinister, secretive, but limited in its scope to the feudal fief, or the sweeping line of advance of the crusade. Licentiousness was restrained by the violence of the retribution which it called forth, but it existed. Ladies did not run about dark woods, in costumes approximating "nighties" without being "accosted". A Launcelot might today have figured as a divorce corespondent. But Launcelots rode horses, and the pony express of the American West frantically relaying every 25 miles, still spent eight days on the run from San Francisco to St. Joseph, Mo. Marco Polo visited Kazan, Bokhara, Persia, Balkli, Kashgar, Kotan and Pekin. It took him three and a half years.

Languages were exchanged. The troubador sang in foreign tongues. Boccacio had been translated into English and French. Bandello's *Tragical Discourses* by virtue of the Coster, Gutenberg and Caxton printing presses, had become readily available in French, Spanish and English. So later had the Bible.

Square sailed ships had slowly linked the distant lands. Each nation's horizon had broadened. Science was born. From astrology sprang astronomy; from metaphysics, physics; from alchemy, chemistry. The steam turbine, dormant since its first devising in Rome, was rediscovered. Fulton's steamboat "worked". Watt's engine drove machinery; Trevithick had adapted it to the first locomotive. Morse sent current pulsing over wires. Marconi made the air deliver messages. The Wright brothers accomplished what Leonardi da Vinci had idly proposed and Roger Bacon prophesied. Time now means little. Space is nearly conquered. One may hear Los Angeles, Montreal, Hawaii, London (also static). On a fast flying train one may make the run from New York to 'Frisco; from Mexico City to Quebec; from Cannes to Copenhagen; from Paris to Petrograd, in a few short

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hours. One may warn a friend in Honduras in a matter of moments.

But still among us are those as keenly minded as they are unbalanced, who stand always ready to prostitute to perversion, the very brilliance and altruism of those geniuses who have made civilization. That same creature who, six hundred thousand or forty seven hundred years ago, if you will, lied, cheated, stole, fought, destroyed and killed, lives today. He is refined by centuries of culture. His mentality is higher, but his instinct remains the same. If he is too subconsciously "yellow" to fight for an honest living, he becomes a crook. But where the primitive man could practice his chicanery and brutality only on his immediate neighbor, where primal man could communicate only as far as he could shout, and travel as far as he could run, the modern selfishly perverted parasite lives in actuality the wildest flights of Bacon's prophesy. That same science which to us is luxury and progress, to him is a means to his own ruthless ends. That same science which enables him to commit hitherto unheard-of depredations, enables him to be thousands of miles away in a matter of hours. It makes possible the warning of confederates, the forestalling of apprehension, the circumvention of retribution. New York in point of time is next to Canton; London is a suburb of Buenos Aires; Shanghai is across the road from Podunk. No longer is the world an unknown wilderness, roamed by nomadic tribes—it is a unit. And within that unit that ever-present criminal population, commanding a facility of communication and travel which a few centuries ago would have seemed witchcraft has, like the mist drifting in sluggish streams through the forest trees, became intangibly unified.

And how is this coordinated criminality to be combatted? By you and someone else unknown to you a thousand miles away? By you who might be the next to suffer and that other who might unwittingly be seated beside your assailant on a street car? Obviously not.

In just one simple way—cooperation.

Abused word. Word robbed of all meaning by "go-getter" sales managers; by insincere executives, striving only to secure a maximum human value in return for their cash salaries; but still *the* word. Cooperation not only within the individual police organization, not simply between the forces of one town and the next; but throughout entire nations and between nations.

The perversion of the results of that tabulated accumulation of data which is science, has made criminal inter-communication so universally immediate that the means adopted to combat it must be identical. There must be an organization so perfectly en rapport, so completely synchronized, that to touch one remotest edge sets the whole vibrating into instantaneous, vital action. To that far-reaching unit there must be a heart, a soul, a brain, a base of subconscious reflex, and a seat of thought and will, so that when the alarm is sounded the universe will be instinctively and directedly alert. The crime is committed; it is discovered; the transgressors flee; they scatter; they are known; they are hedged in; they are caught; it is finished! But one must know. All must know. There must be a universal dissemination of information. How else?

It is for that that the National Bureau is proposed. It is for that the International Conference meets. One thought, one system, one motive—the maintenance of law and order throughout the world. Crime is international. International cooperation in combatting it is essential.

With Pride

WHILE on all sides scare-headline politicians "view with alarm" it is pleasant in our own quiet little corner to find a thing to which we may "point with pride". Even in an amateur, self-adulation may be pardoned. It is seldom, if ever, that a prediction is justified by subsequent developments. It is more seldom still that the "seemingly baseless fabric of the seer's vision" is "builded into a definite structure" within his self set limits as to time. It is human to "hedge" when writing for publication and set the date for fulfillment sufficiently far ahead to permit the prophecy to be forgotten, and the discounting of this natural tendency makes results still more gratifying.

In the June issue of the POLICE MAGAZINE one of our most valued contributors wrote:

"Before the end of 1926 the Radio Corporation of America will be prepared to deliver either in London or New York facsimiles of any reasonably-sized letter, document, check, deed, will, picture or even newspaper page within a few minutes of its filing in either city.

"Within five years—and some authorities lop a year from this—motion pictures will be broadcast just as music and speech are now shot through the air from central points. In other words, the initial phase of television."

And within fifteen days after publication of this prophecy, the New York *Times* in separate articles announced in part:

"A demonstration of an apparatus by which moving objects were transmitted by radio over a distance of about five miles and thrown upon a small screen was given today by C. Francis Jenkins, Washington inventor, who has for months been experimenting with radio photography.

"Mr. Jenkins in describing the accomplishment said the moving objects shown were as clear as any of the moving pictures of twenty years ago.

"In a general way the process used was similar to that with which Mr. Jenkins has been experimenting in the transmission of still life pictures. He described it as a refinement of the processes which various individuals and corporations have been testing. He added that where the still life picture was projected in perhaps ten minutes, in the radio motion picture projection was accomplished in a fraction of a second.

"The inventor asserted that today's experiments proved that the transmission of pictures of moving objects by radio was possible. He predicted that the process would be perfected until baseball games and prize fights could be sent long distances and reproduced on a screen by radio.

"Checks have been telegraphed from New York to Chicago for the Bank of the Manhattan Company with satisfactory results.

"Future use of the system by clearing houses and also in the transmission of signatures in stock transactions is also regarded as possible."

The prophecies have been fulfilled well within the time limits set. It is necessary to keep abreast of the times; it is pleasant to be ahead.

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¶ *"I, for one, hope that the United States will assume the leadership in establishing uniform traffic standardization all over the world"—Dr. Mosle, Traffic Commissioner of Berlin.*

Our Modern Motor Mania

The Recommendations for "Holding In Check the Monster We Know by the Name of Traffic" Endorsed by the Police of Forty-two Nations

By L. S. Haskell

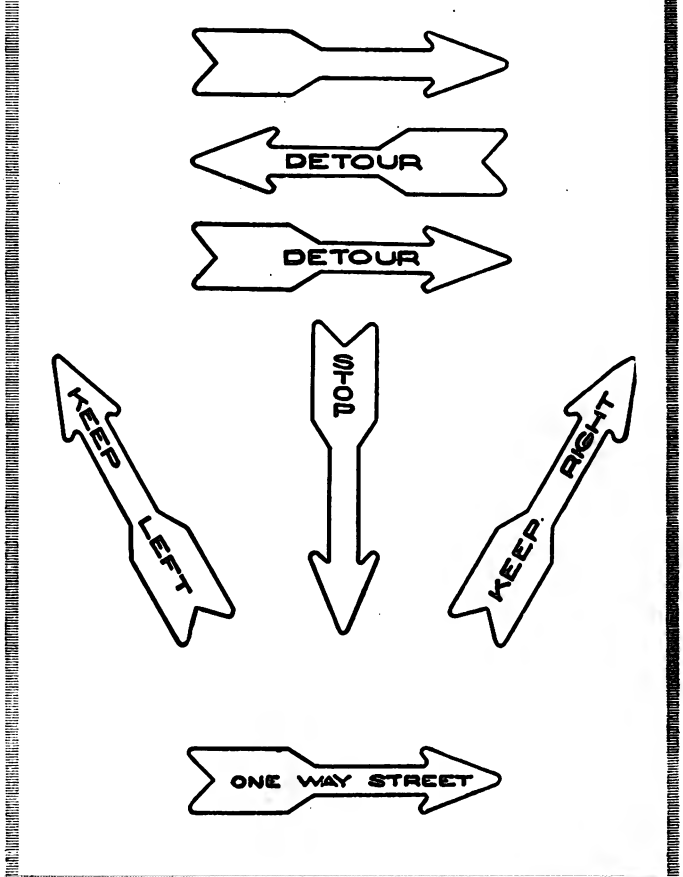
Illustrated With Official Drawings

WILL ROGERS tells us that if he were mayor he would "have the alderman pass an ordinance that nobody that did not have any business anywhere would be allowed to go there. That will stop fifty percent of the traffic in this town". Like most of the "cowboy philosopher's" remarks this is true of all towns. Fortunately, however, for those "not having business anywhere" and unfortunately for the rest of us, such an ordinance is neither possible nor just.

The car is no longer a luxury, nor is it a necessity; it is an integral part of life. Not many years ago the ownership of a car was a criterion of prosperity, or an indication that the owner liked to "fuss" with things mechanical. But the automobile is not an oddity now. It fills a part of the individual's life. To the high school boy, the dressed up Ford racer, gaudily painted, is a mark of manhood. He feels quite devilish when he slides down on the back of his neck beneath the wheel and opens the cut-out to make a noise. He would be disconsolate if it were taken from him. It is essential to him in his business—"monkey business". To the young man-about-town, and out of town, actual or would-like to-be, the rattling old "boat" is the badge of his position. It is a necessary part of his background. The sub-deb, who has a car to lend, and the debutante of three seasons who "runs one places" depend upon it, consciously or subconsciously, with equal appreciation of its significance, in their admitted or intuitive campaigns. The nouveau riche who arrive, and those who do not but who have sufficient money to do so were they otherwise acceptable, sweep by, noses arrogantly in air, demanding of all to note that they flaunt a liveried footman, and that their equipage cost ten thousand. There are those who have been brought up to cars. To them the motor as a badge means nothing; it is simply valued as a serviceable adjunct to comfort. There is that Pierce of ancient vintage, clover leafed of layout, low hooded, trimmed in brass. It has a right hand drive and four gear shifts, but it always *has* run well and the family see no reason to change. There are new ones now and then, of course, but a vehicle of proven merit is kept, and an odd assortment the accumulation makes, lined up in the dim garage. The laborer, no longer the "poor down-trodden woiking man", is now a craftsman. A few years ago several of these pooled together and bought a battered wreck. With good humored ingenuity they made it run them to and from their "job". They are so well paid now that they nonchalantly drive back and forth in shining new cars. In the modestly substantial residential sections of the country it is easy to ascertain from a line of standing autos whether a tea is in progress within

a. Traffic Regulation and Direction Signs:

A plain arrow with necessary information thereon.



Recommended by the Police of forty-two nations.

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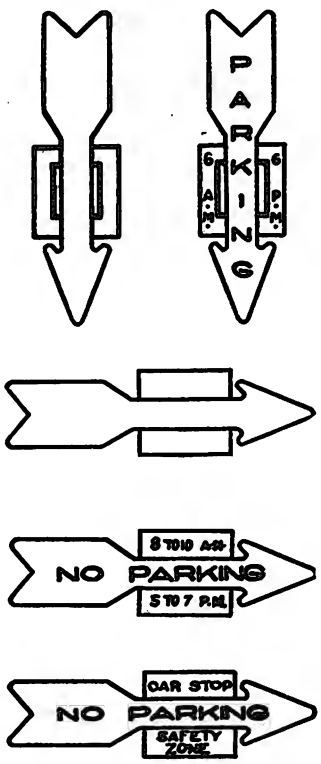
or repairs are being made to the house. If the lady of the house is receiving, the cars are shabby. If she is having some work done, the cars are new. Thrift is the answer, or the installment plan. It varies with the individual.

The solid Kansas alfalfa raiser, skidding around square corners on straight chatt roads; the impoverished New Mexico cattleman, fighting rain-washed ruts in sun-baked trails, ribbanding over rolling prairies; the Wyoming sheepman, lurchingly struggling through wind and snow on his way to town; all know the car as a necessity. They "cannot tell you how they got along without it." Rolling over California's eucalyptus-lined concrete roads, consigning half ripened fruit to market, or dumping heaps of glittering orange and yellow into dry arroyos, as the freight rate dictates, the "rancher" realizes the comfort of the car. On the Olympic peninsular, beneath towering trees, walled in by matted underbrush, jolting over winding, rotting corduroy roads, through mist almost a rain, the lumberman would be helpless without it.

And to their families this most popular form of transportation means as much—picnics besides gray watered lakes, brush bordered in dry grass plains, or swimming in blue ocean, shadowed by long amusement piers. It means escaping from that same family in another family's car, with a fiancé perhaps real, perhaps just a practice one. It means facility of moving with wife and children and the multitudinous paraphernalia they require. It means a cruise, a voyage, stopping at tourist camps, meeting strange people, adventure, knowledge.

b. Parking Signs:

An arrow and square plate combined, with necessary information thereon.



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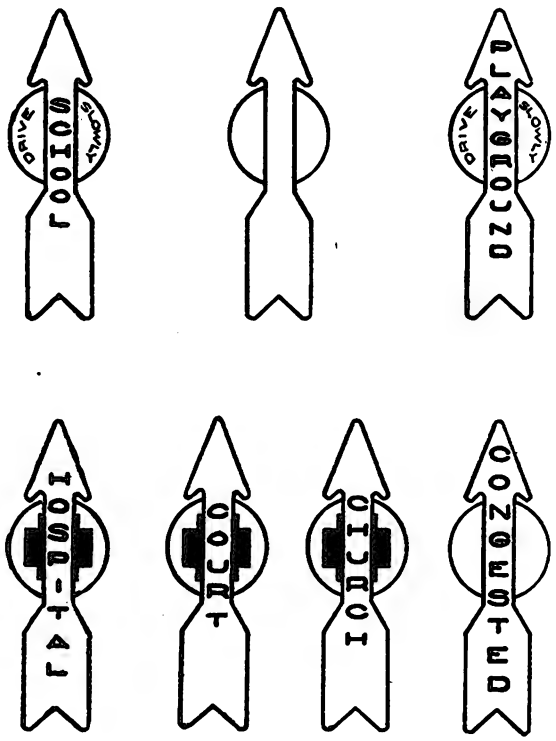
c. Quiet or Caution Signs:

An arrow and disc plate combined, with necessary information thereon.



Recommended by the Police of forty-two nations.

To the city dweller also the motor car is an indispensable source of convenience and pleasure. The banker or broker rides comfortably downtown, reading his morning paper; the shopper parks her car at a convenient place and has her parcels delivered to it; on Saturdays and Sundays thousands hurry to beaches, golf clubs and week-end parties; on warm evenings the roadhouses are crowded with diners who arrive in automobiles. Taxis may be had at a moment's notice and reasonable price, with the result that people from the tenements, seeking liberation from sweltering flats, in groups of six and eight cruise the Sunday-deserted downtown streets or salt-aired water fronts.

The utility of the car and its present low price, bringing it within the reach of nearly all of us, has resulted in the production of literally millions of automobiles. Fourteen years ago there were 600,000 cars in use; this year we have 18,000,000 motor vehicles. There are over 300,000 cars in New York City alone. A few years ago one of the western states of America boasted sufficient seating capacity in its registered motor vehicles to accommodate the entire population simultaneously. The natives added that this condition would be most convenient in case of prairie fire. The largest manufacturer of cars in point of volume of output of a single make advertises "7,000 more since yesterday." The picture is astounding.

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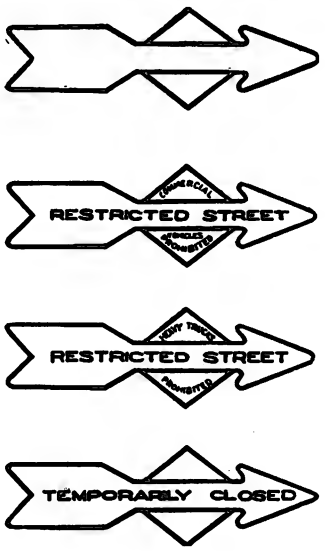
d. Restricted Area Signs:

An arrow and diamond shaped plate combined, with necessary information thereon.



Recommended by the Police of forty-two nations.

The congestion in our cities is the worst. Cities like Topsies, just "growed". Most of them which have been laid out since the coming of the car, the Chambers of Commerce and the Rotarians building "bigger and better" cities, have been planned along correctly visionary lines. But even so the heart, the nucleus, of the city is the same. The streets down toward the railroad where the financial and business properties have clustered remain as they were before there was a town. Narrow, twisted streets confuse the stranger and hinder the progress of the native. Minutes are lost by parkers looking for space and by policemen looking for parkers. The confusion of shrieking uproar and the heedless indifference of hurrying humanity make accidents inevitable.

Strictly speaking, as Deputy Chief Inspector W. A. Coleman, of the New York Traffic Division, remarks: "The pedestrian has the first right on the roadway as well as on the sidewalk, and all the new regulations promulgated from time to time are prepared with the safety of the pedestrian primarily in view.

"It is conceded that many of our citizens are wilfully negligent in their movement in and about the streets of the city, nevertheless no city can declare that its traffic problem has been solved until it has been made possible for pedestrian traffic to move about freely, without a feeling of nervous apprehension, and be able to cross to and recross our streets safely with the exercise of reasonable care."

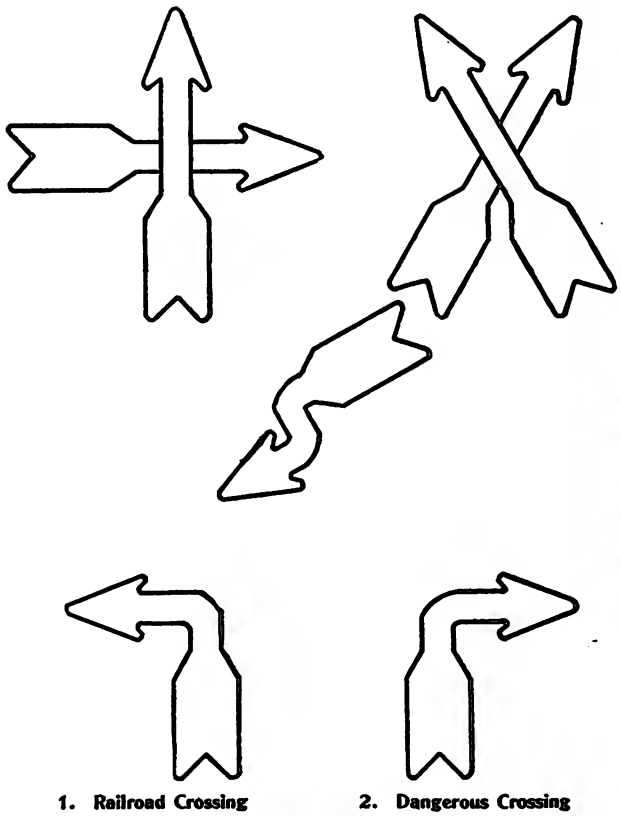
Actual casualties are largely due to disregard of regulations. Many entirely unnecessary deaths are caused by that lack of faith in the sincerity of intent of the authorities which is fostered by the existence of so much misunderstood and disregarded legislation. Chief Martin Collins, of the Chicago Police Department, in relating the experience which his force had last year in an effort to decrease the great number of fatal motor accidents states that he thought, "that we would first of all endeavor to make all of our motorists comply with the statute law. The statute law provides that in cities the maximum rate of speed shall be twenty miles an hour, and that in closely built up and congested sections, fifteen miles an hour, and where it was very congested, ten miles an hour. The law reads that if a person exceeds these speed limits it is prima facie evidence that he has operated his machine in a manner that endangers the life and person of others.

"Preparatory to our campaign, we had announced in the local papers that every one who operated his motor vehicle on the streets of the city of Chicago faster than the speed limits allowed by the State law would be promptly arrested. We also stated that on the eighth day of June this order would go into effect. The motorists, almost to a man, reduced their speed on our streets to not to exceed twenty miles an hour. I am safe in saying that our automobile accidents fell fully 60 to 70 per cent. in the first week of that campaign."

(*Continued on page* 73)

e. Danger Signs:

An arrow placed in various positions to conform with standard signs of the American Automobile Association.



1. Railroad Crossing
2. Dangerous Crossing
3. Dangerous Hill
4. Sharp Curve Left
5. Sharp Curve Right

Recommended by the Police of forty-two nations.

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¶ *I'm a Doberman Pinscher—able to throw a steer by the throat—I was trained to hunt the most dangerous brutes in all creation—MEN*

"Better not go IN until I call the boy scouts OUT."

"We go dam long ride tonight. We hunt for man."

Deeka

True facts given by Deeka's owner to

John T. Rowland

Illustrated by ALLAN JAMES

I FEEL squeamish. It must be the cream puff that lady in the pink dress gave me when Win was called away. Win is my friend. He taught me English after I landed here to earn my living like any other immigrant. That was essential, for a dog in my profession must understand the language of the country just the same as a human. The fact that his throat is not constructed to make all your strange monkey-sounds is neither here nor there; he has to know what they mean.

But coming back to Win. He's not really English—or American—at all, but a little Frenchman from Quebec. Still, his English is quite *chic*, and making allowance for his accent and the queer, quick words he spits out when things annoy him, I can recognize his talk as belonging to the same language the rest of you use. And Win has soul. That's what counts with us dogs. He never gets flustered. If he'd been here with me that beautiful princess in the pink dress wouldn't have tried her stuff on me with a cream puff. Sheer seduction—a puff for a pat. I let her have two pats and then nuzzled her soft paw with my nose. Oh well, one has to play the game, but if this hero stuff doesn't quit pretty soon I'll feel as foolish as old man Hindenburg wearing spats.

I'm a fighter. Not the stupid bulldog sort, nor the quarrelsome terrier variety always on the lookout for street brawls. But when I go out after someone I get him. My great, great, great grandsire used to kill wolves in the Thuringian forests. You mightn't believe it to look at me now, but when I came to this country a year ago they had to feed me through the slats of my pen. Then Win came along and I knew things were O. K. Win introduced himself as my boss and I acknowledged his mastership, but still it was a month before I trusted myself to take a piece of meat from his hand. Where I was trained we don't call every grinning human our friend.

Now don't go and confuse me with those long haired German shepherd police dogs. I'm a Doberman Pinscher, sixty-five centimetres at the shoulders and able to throw a steer by the throat. Hair "short, hard and close lying; color a rusty brown"—that's what the kennel record says. I was trained to hunt the most dangerous brutes in all creation—*men*. And now I'm swilling cream puffs and nuzzling ladies' paws. Gosh!

Well, I suppose I've got to tell you how it happened. Poor Win! He's told our story so many times that now he just shuts his eyes and lets his mouth do the work; it's like turning on one of those things you wind up with a crank—I don't know the English name. But there are some angles to it that even Win doesn't get because he's just a woodsman and not a trained cop, so if you can stand a few technicalities I'll ride my hobby. Man-hunting is really a fine art.

I live at Weston, up in the hill country, on a big farm. It's a nice place and I was happy enough, though getting more and more bored. There wasn't much to do except chaperone the kids and root out a woodchuck now and

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The idea of a grown man being cruel to a little girl made the hair stand up along my spine—
I almost yanked Win off his feet.

then. Once in a long while some tramp would come along and I'd send him on his way. Trespassing picnicers gave me many a good laugh too. They'd park themselves on my property and settle down to eat lunch. I'd wait till they had their boxes and bottles all set up and then I'd come walking towards them through the orchard—slow and stiff-legged with my teeth bared and the hair standing up along my back. Of course, I knew they were harmless. I'd never even growl unless some boob said "Nice doggie!" or tried to bait me with a sandwich. But it wasn't often they waited for that.

"By dam, you must not look so fierce!" said Win when a fat old woman fainted one day and her man couldn't get her back into the car. "To scare people to death, zat is murder!" It was a new idea to me and I remembered it.

Anyhow, things had become pretty dull and I was beginning to wonder if my whole education was to prove wasted when one afternoon about feed time Win called me up and I saw from his face that we had a job.

"No eats tonight, *mon ami*," Mort announced. "How's your nose?"

I lifted my head and sniffed. To tell the truth I *had* been overfed—like soldiers in barracks—but my scent was still fairly keen. I gave him the o. k. signal and lay down at attention, head erect, ears front and eyes on his face.

"We go a long ride," Win went on. I can't imitate his way of speaking because I've never learned French; but you know the quick, jerky way those fellows talk. "We go dam long ride—to-night—you an' me. To-morrow we hunt—over de montaine. Yes—" he went on, reading my question— "for man."

That's all he would tell me and it was pretty clever of him, because it made me curious and that made me keen.

We got in the flivver, just the two of us, and started. It was a beautiful night of full moon. I liked it. Every once in a while I'd press his thigh with my head and look up, but Win only chuckled.

"In time, *mon ami*. You will have your orders."

The road wound on and on across the valley and then began to climb. The mountains were not so very big, yet it seemed to climb forever. Dawn was just coming when we began to coast down the far side. All at once a man with a rifle stood in our path.

"Halt!"

The flivver squeaked and groaned as it stopped.

Two men came out of the woods and I saw that they were soldiers. I like soldiers, but, even so, when the one in an officer's cap put his hand towards me I drew back a little and showed my teeth. Strangers shouldn't be too forward.

"What you got here?" said the soldier.

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"Deeka," Win answered, shoving back the hand. "He'll find your man, dam quick."

"Is that so? Well, then, he'll be doing more than the National Guard and ten sheriff's posses."

"Yes, my frien', so I see," said Win with his little smile. He showed the soldiers some sort of a paper and they let us go on.

A few miles further along we came to a village at the bottom of a valley. A number of men were standing in front of a small house that had bottles and things in the window. Win stopped the car again. I was glad I understood English, because while these people spoke in a way that was not familiar to me I could make out most of what they said and got some interesting information. A police dog should always understand the language of his terrain.

It appeared that the man we were to hunt was an ex-convict, having done time in the penitentiary for theft. He was believed to be somewhere within a cordon of troops and civilian posses that had been flung out across the hills, and this belief was borne out by the fact that a hen roost in the neighborhood had been robbed during the night. Two civilians had seen a man answering to his description and fired at him the previous afternoon, but as the man was armed with a rifle and immediately took cover in some bushes they did not try to approach. Civilians are strange.

Well, we went along down the valley while daylight was breaking in the east. It was a wild country. I tried to ask Win if there were still Indians in it or any other game worth killing by the way, but he didn't "get" me, as you Americans say.

The road was sandy and we couldn't make very good time. Once in a while we would come to a clearing where there was a little farm. Children would stare out of the windows at us but nobody ever came outdoors. Several hours of this brought us to a town. The mountains were still in sight and I could understand in a way why people called them Green. But then, when you stop to think of it, all mountains with trees on them are green, so why the name should have been chosen for these particular ones was a puzzle. However, that's none of my affair.

In the town we found the officer we had to report to—Bill Blake. I liked Bill; he had sense and a heart too. You don't find both in men as often as you do in dogs. Bill had the case in hand but it was evident he didn't feel happy. He gave me a look and his face cheered up. He said: "I'd have caught my man two days ago if I'd had you instead of two-hundred odd farmers and boy scouts." That was his name for the soldiers.

While he and Win were talking constables with badges kept coming up to give him messages or ask for orders. The sheriff drove through town in a cloud of dust.

Of course, I saw from all this that we were on the trail of a pretty bad actor, because you Americans don't take crime as seriously as we do abroad. He must have done something terrible to have the whole State up in arms. What that was did not especially concern me, since my only duty was to find him, but still a fellow can't help taking interest. And now came the odd thing. Although I listened carefully to everything that was said I couldn't make out what they wanted him for. He'd done time and some said he'd been a deserter from the Navy, but that wasn't the trouble now. So far as I could make out all he'd done wrong was to run away from the farm where he was employed. I began to wonder if you still had slaves over here. The farmer's daughter, a child of eleven, had also disappeared and was supposed to be with him. They had no food. It always surprises me how long it takes humans to grow up enough to have any sense.

Somehow or other the pair of them had managed to travel sixty miles across the mountains. The man, Howard, had come into a country store to buy matches. Also, farmers along the way had lost chickens, so that the line of march was fairly well marked. But now, just when the authorities thought they had him surrounded he and the child had disappeared off the earth. Posses searched the woods in all directions but not a sign of either could they find.

A queer little figure struggled erect.

"Take us up to the place where he was seen last and give Deeka the trail," Win suggested.

"I'll take you up there," said Bill, "but you'd better not go *in* till I've called the boy scouts *out*."

Win had some breakfast—it was nearly noon now—and we started. About two miles from town we saw a funny thing. A dozen men stood in a circle in the road with a young fellow in the center holding up his

(*Cont'd on page* 65)

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Progress in Protection

In childhood or later nearly everyone has been guilty of some unsocial act . . . and has felt a sense of guilt in the presence of the police.

The "thin blue line" of faithful police stands between homes, property and welfare of millions and the forces of terrorism, plunder and disorder.

With the Application of Constructive Psychology Has Come a Marked Change in the Attitude of the Public Toward the Police

As set forth in an interview with

Hon. Richard E. Enright, *Commissioner*

By

Dr. Henry Knight Miller

Reprinted from the June issue of PSYCHOLOGY by courtesy of the editor.

WHY does the average citizen experience a rather ill concealed hostility toward the police despite the fact that the policeman is the friend of all law-abiding citizens, defending them against the forces of violence, theft and disorder?

The psychology of this strange anomaly was explained to the writer recently by Hon. Richard E. Enright, Police Commissioner of New York City.

"Many of the more unrelenting enemies and detractors of the police force are those who thru violation of the law or indirect pecuniary interest in some illegal practice have come into conflict with the police. Then there are the paid political propagandists whose business it is to find fault at all hazards regardless of merit and to make political capital of destructive criticism reckless of truth or social expediency," said Mr. Enright, his usually kindly eyes flashing fire as he thought of these venomous enemies.

Psychology explains the source of prejudice among people at large by its description of a complex as an association of ideas in the subconscious mind resulting from some past experience.

In childhood or later nearly everyone has been guilty of some unsocial act, such as, for instance, driving an automobile at illegal speed, and has felt a sense of guilt in the presence of the police. This feeling persists long after the direct cause has been forgotten. Thereafter the very sight of an officer recalls the old feeling of antagonism.

"Also, there was a time," Mr. Enright admitted, "when courtesy was not in the police code and an encounter with a rough, ungentlemanly cop might leave a prejudiced memory or complex.

"Finally, it is true that any object or condition which becomes thoroly familiar to us is apt to sink into insignificance and to lose its real value. The average citizen sees the police every day and becomes so accustomed to the appearance of the uniformed force that he forgets that the elimination of this force for twenty-four hours would throw the city into anarchy, chaos, and disorder where no man or woman's life, honor or possessions would be safe."

"There is no doubt that if we had no police for thirty days and the population were at the mercy of criminals and thugs for that period, the sudden appearance of the uniformed force would be greeted with joyous acclaim and the cops would be lionized as the saviours of the community, WHICH THEY ACTUALLY ARE AT ALL TIMES.

"As a matter of fact the public should realize that the criminal is a common enemy of society. The police are only public servants in their effort to apprehend the wrong doer and protect society. They deserve therefore the sympathy, co-operation and respect of the community.

"The average citizen should not side in with the malefactors and criminals in belittling, criticizing and obstructing the efficiency of the force. The members of the Police Department cannot be expected to perform the service and render the protection which they should without the fullest support and confidence of the citizens.

"The more the citizens support the police," Mr. En-

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right contended, "the greater will be the public security and the better protection they will receive in respect to their persons and property."

One of the ironies of history is that so few public men are adequately appreciated for their accomplishments until their obituaries are drawn. With few exceptions the public withholds its laurels and haloes until too late.

The writer concluded his interview with Richard Enright convinced that here was a mighty benefactor to seven million souls in the world's greatest metropolis whose splendid services were not adequately appreciated. Mr. Enright is not, indeed, unappreciated, for not a few public spirited men fully appreciate the worth and ability of this great administrative genius. And in general the masses doubtless believe him to be sincere and conscientious. But few even begin to evaluate properly this man and his herculean accomplishments who, with his "thin blue line" of faithful police, stands between the homes, property, and welfare of seven million people together with ten billion dollars of invested property, and the forces of terrorism, plunder and disorder.

In my busy life I have interviewed scores of great men but came away from my interview with Richard E. Enright with the conviction that here was a master mind, a great practical psychologist, a supreme administrator and a priest of the public good whose like it would be hard to find.

New York, with a population approximately equal to that of London, has a police force only 55% as large. The population of London is 95% English-speaking, for the most part trained thru generations in English standards and ideals, while the population of New York City is 39% foreign-born, representing every nation on earth. New York is the dumping ground for much of the refuse of foreign nations, a conglomerate city whose nationalities still cling to their old world traditions and but little understand the laws and customs of their new country.

Mr. Enright told me during our chat that of the 13,300 men on the New York police force 992 are daily absent thru vacation and sickness; at courts and grand juries, 528; 1,410 are officers, largely clerical; 1,900 are assigned to traffic duty; 930 are assigned to detective work; 55 are in health and tenement service; 500 are in plain clothes; 700 miscellaneous such as attendants, chauffeurs, and to Marine Division and public parks; so that only 6,000 are available for patrol duty. The law provides that these shall work but eight hours a day so that at any given time but 2,000 men are available for patrol duty!

There are 4,145 miles of streets in greater New York. The distance from New York to San Francisco is less than this. Imagine a meagre force of 2,000 men to patrol a street stretching from coast to coast and far into the Pacific Ocean, and you can form some estimate of the handicap under which Mr. Enright has worked.

Yet in the face of post war conditions which everywhere have resulted in a great increase of crime, in New York City there was 60% less violent crime in the first three months of 1925 than the corresponding three months of 1915.

One western city has more burglaries a year than New York. During the first quarter of 1925 hold-ups were reduced 21% over the same period of 1924 altho thruout the country they show a startling increase.

New York ranks twenty-second among American cities in the number killed thru motor accidents in proportion to the number of cars operated.

In fact, New York, once the haven of crooks, thugs, gangsters, has become an unhealthy place for the chronic offender and in proportion to its size the most law-abiding, well-behaved and cleanest city in the world.

Aside from this almost incomprehensible reduction in crime which has resulted from the efficient services of Mr. Enright, the Commissioner modestly replied to leading questions concerning some of the noteworthy achievements of his administration.

"We have virtually suppressed commercialized vice in New York City," said Mr. Enright. "When I entered office gambling dens and houses of prostitution were run openly in blatant defiance of law, order, public health and security. The lobbies of scores of hotels along Broadway were virtually filled with prostitutes. Hundreds of them plied their traffic openly on the principal thorofares. A man who walked from 59th to 23rd street on Broadway at night would be brazenly and openly solicited by from a score to a hundred public women. The trip might now be taken for a dozen nights in succession without a single solicitation. The hotel lobbies are virtually free from these unfortunate women. Every known disorderly house is closed and the gamblers have withdrawn their activities beyond the border of the city or state."

I asked if it were a fact that breaking up the segregated districts had spread the dive keepers over the city into apartment houses. Mr. Enright explained that at first this was true but that the Vice Squad had so relentlessly followed the trails to their new haunts that the disorderly apartment had followed its predecessors into oblivion. Of course there are tens of thousands of women supported by men other than their husbands. But this is a question of private morals rather than public safety so long as there is no evidence of seduction, force or disorderly conduct. With this situation the police are powerless to cope. It is a matter for education or possibly an evidence of changing moral standards.

"Prohibition has doubtless had some part in the reduction of crime in New York. If the 18th amendment could be fully enforced it would decrease crimes of violence by another forty per cent. But enforcement is difficult. The vast majority of the citizens of New York do not favor the law. I am not myself a prohibitionist. But I am sworn to enforce all laws impartially and am doing my best even with this unpopular law. The speakeasies are the last stand of the criminal element. We must suppress them as a matter of public safety. The United States courts are so crowded that it has been estimated it would take two thousand years to hear the cases now on the docket. Enforcement in New York City from a Federal point of view is therefore a farce. Also when my men get evidence and apply for a warrant the places are tipped off and all evidence is removed before arrest can be effected. Hence I have adopted the method of systematic persecution of these law breakers. We raid them two or three times a week until their customers are driven away and they are forced out of business."

One of the outstanding achievements of Commissioner Enright has been the inculcation of courtesy into the

(*Continued on page* 61)

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¶ *With a yelp of pain the wounded man caught himself, lost his balance, and tumbled with a thud back on deck, where he lay still.*

Without Benefit of Consul

The Story of a Chase Through Turbulent Waters, Ending In the Capture of a Strange Cargo

An experience of

Patrolman Frederick W. Graham, Shield No. 5646

written into a narrative

By Warren Elliot Carleton

Illustrated by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

"LOOKS like we're going to have some weather." Patrolman Ward of the New York Marine Police stood erect on the pier in his black oilskins and surveyed the expanse of seemingly interminable water, chaotic, an endless void beneath the moonless sky. That afternoon the mild July breeze had developed into the forerunner of a stiff gale as night came on. And even now, with the wind howling and pounding a booming surf on neighboring Rockaway Beach, there was every indication that before morning it would grow to a veritable hurricane, a twister from the West Indies, or a storm equally bad.

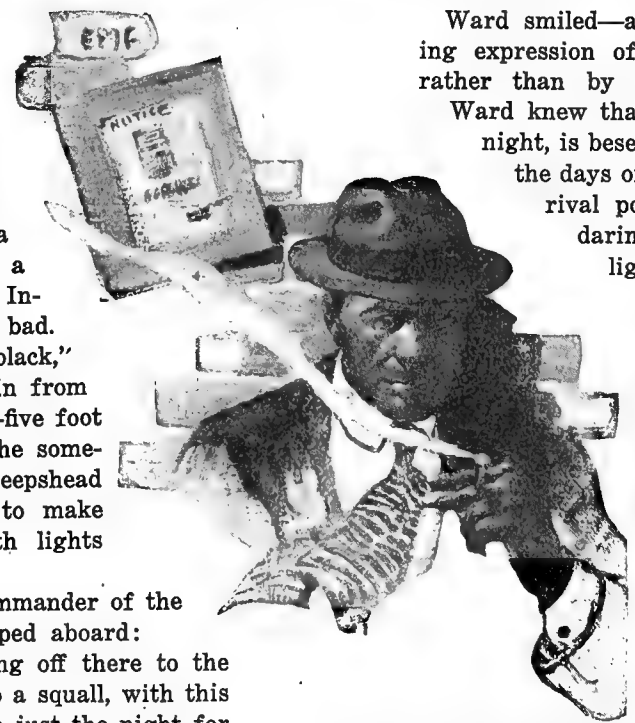
"Yeah—it's pretty black," answered Patrolman Bain from the cockpit of the thirty-five foot police launch fast to the somewhat sheltered pier at Sheepshead Bay. "'Twill be hard to make out a craft sailing with lights out."

Ward, the stalwart commander of the sturdy little launch jumped aboard:

"If that thunder rolling off there to the sou'east materializes into a squall, with this sea on," he said, "it'll be just the night for rum runners to be on their job. Well, we'll be, too. All right, Bain—cast off!"

McKay started the engine, and Bain hauled in the last line that had held the launch to the pier. With Ward at the wheel, the throbbing power boat cleft the choppy little waves that spitefully assailed her stanch sides.

"Not so bad as I thought 'twould be," remarked McKay. "A little rough, but—"



"There's ten thousand dollars in this for you, my man."

He didn't finish his comment, for the launch had left the sheltered lee of the bay astern and was nosing into the open, uncurbed Atlantic. The little craft, her engine *putt-putting* steadily and comfortably, dipped into a long, phosphorescent comber that bore her upward, and then dropped her with a sharp bump into the hollow preceding the onrushing second heavy wave.

Ward smiled—a smile occasioned by McKay's amusing expression of mingled surprise and apprehension rather than by any humor in the situation. For Ward knew that a run miles offshore, in storm and night, is beset with all sorts of hazards. Never did the days of Spain's grandeur and the jealousy of rival powers inspire such bold piracy, such daring flouting of marine law, as this enlightened era of civilization offers to future historians and compilers of sea lore. New York City, with its one thousand miles of water front and the whole open Atlantic for a front yard, is the capitol, the hub of the wheel of customs violations which have offered to the lawless smuggler opportunities for ill-gotten gains which dwarf the buccaneers and freebooters of all time into comparative insignificance.

And Ward knew what dangers the little police launch was facing out there off Rockaway Point. The violence of the crashing seas was enough to weaken the knees of ordinary men. Spray blew back into the weather-beaten faces of the three patrolmen—faces that gleamed in the deck light; good natured but stern and alert.

And it was dark! Not a star brightened the inky sky.

"How can you tell where you're going?" asked McKay, the youngest and least experienced of the

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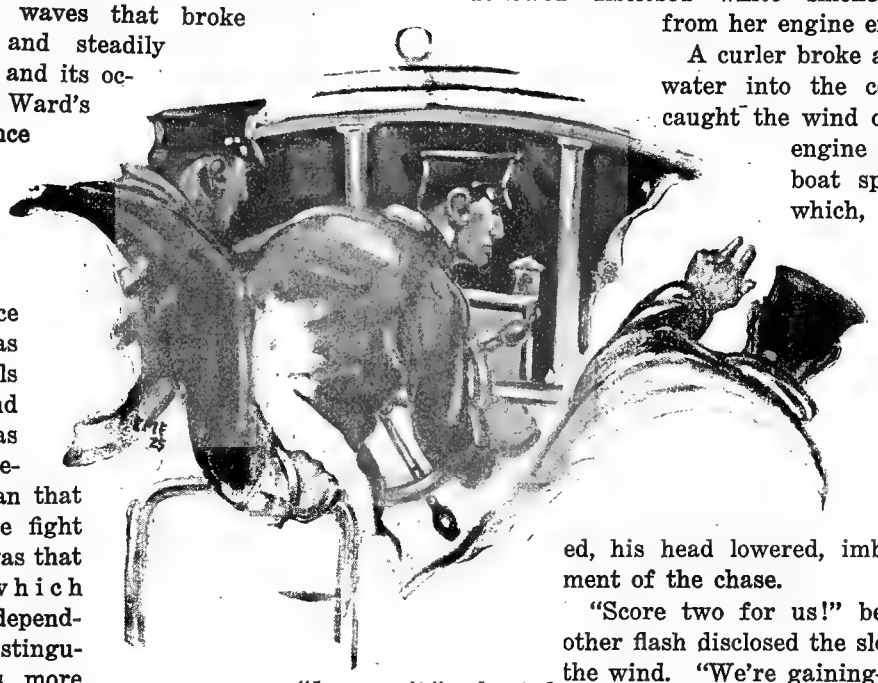
three. "You aren't watching the compass—just heading into the dark. It's uncanny to watch you, to sail with you."

And McKay was not the first marine policeman who had asked Ward the same question. It *was* uncanny, the way he maneuvered that little cockleshell into those smashing waves that broke when they curled and steadily drenched the cockpit and its occupants. Perhaps Ward's previous sea experience accounted for it; it certainly helped, for he enjoyed the distinction of being the only member of the force who held a license as master of steam vessels and pilot of inland waters. But there was something more—something born in the man that asserted itself in the fight against the gale. It was that peculiar instinct which marks the always dependable seaman and distinguishes him from his more timorous shipmates—the seaman who has banished the very thought of danger through his own proved ability to combat all hazards that beset him.



"I saw it," shouted Ward, as he jumped to the wheel and let out the engine.

Off to the southeast a pink flash disclosed the jagged edges of blue-black clouds, and a rumble of thunder echoed above the clamor of the battering waves. The darkness which followed seemed blacker than ever.

"We're going to get that storm, all right," spoke Ward, a trace of anxiety in his calm voice. "And it's going to be a snorter!"

A long shaft rose from the waves to starboard like a finger pointing skyward—the lone mast of the submerged wreck of the Old Dominion Line steamer *Princess Amse*. Ward brought the motor boat to port to give the hidden wreck a wide berth, slowed down the engine until the propeller was turning over only sufficiently to hold the launch headed into the wind, and let her ride hove-to.

"Now here's where we use our eyes," remarked Bain, dimming the deck light to the glow of an expiring ember. "It's dark, but thank the Lord there's no fog. Say, I think the storm's getting worse! It's——"

A flash of chain lightening off the port bow—a cannonade of thunder that vibrated even the frail little power boat rising and falling with much the same sensation to her occupants as they would have derived from riding up and down in a speedy elevator. Another vivid flash.

Bain seized Ward's arm. His words were cut off by the crash of thunder. Bain pointed astern.

"I saw it!" shouted Ward as he jumped to the wheel and let out the engine. "Look out when we turn. We'll be in the trough of the wa——"

Another yellow lightening flash illuminated the whitecaps as the launch swung. And by that electric flare the three policemen made out a sloop headed toward Sheepshead Bay—a sloop with double-reefed mainsail up and a bobbed jib, but traveling at a speed which indicated that she was assisted by an auxiliary engine. The series of chain-lightening flashes which followed disclosed white smoke whirling downwind from her engine exhaust.

A curler broke and dumped a slosh of water into the cockpit as the launch caught the wind on her quarter. With engine wide open, the power boat sped toward the sloop, which, under cover of the darkness and the approaching storm, had slipped past the watchful patrolmen.

"Score one for the sloop!" declared Bain, his shoulders hunched, his head lowered, imbued with the excitement of the chase.

"Score two for us!" bellowed Ward, as another flash disclosed the sloop heeled over before the wind. "We're gaining—and I figure they're having trouble with their engine."

The launch *was* gaining. Like a greyhound of the sea she fairly leaped over the wave crests, as if she, too, had absorbed much of her commander's spirit of the race. Ward sheered her off to port, intending to keep her in a position from which he could handily maneuver her to intercept the sloop if the latter craft attempted to head for some objective other than Sheepshead Bay.

Now the police launch was close enough to keep the white sail of the sloop in sight without depending on the blinding lightning flashes. Then the rain came—big drops that plopped on deck like diminutive liquid bombs, increasing to a drumming downpour that veiled the sloop from the vision of her pursuers.

"Damn the luck!" disgustedly exclaimed Bain. "We've lost her now, sure!"

"Lost her hell!" muttered Ward, giving the wheel a sharp little twist. "We've got her! Got her right!"

The three maintained silence while the rain deluged the motor boat and the thunder roared and the lightning flashed intermittently. But the downpour was so heavy that even the electric flares aided the three but little to penetrate the thickness.

"There she is!" shouted McKay, standing forward in the cockpit. "Close, too! See her?"

"Sure!" replied Ward, making out the bellied white sail through the crystalline atmosphere without the aid of the lightning. "Here, Bain—take the wheel. Hold her close for me to speak her. Not too close."

"Gotcha," affirmed Bain, taking the helm.

"Port," Ward ordered. Bain twisted the wheel, and the launch passed the unlighted stern of the sloop. "Steady," Ward snapped, and the launch came up on the starboard side of the bouncing single-sticker. Bain slowed down and muffled the engine.

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"Ahoy, there!" shouted Ward, megaphoning his hands around his mouth.

"Ahoy!" replied a voice from the shadowy form standing at the rail of the fugitive craft. "Whatcha wan', huh?" It was a surly voice, plainly that of a foreigner.

"Heave-to! We're coming aboard!" bawled Ward. "This is Police Launch No. 6."

"How I know you ain't hijackers?" answered the Italian voice. "I can't heave-to—too risky in this sea."

"Heave-to, I tell you!" commanded Ward with unmistakable authority. His revolver glinted in the deck light. McKay and Bain had also drawn their guns. "Heave-to, or I'll come aboard and arrest you!"

The Italian left the rail. The engine of the sloop fairly roared as it was given more gas. It was obvious that her skipper had no idea of heaving-to, but was bending every effort to outdistance the launch.

Ward jumped to his own engine, and let it out with all the power that was in it.

"Here—quick—take the wheel!" he shouted at Bain. Bain obeyed, and Ward ran to the heaving stern of the launch. McKay stared at him with wide eyes.

"Skipper—you—you going to board her?" asked the youthful marine policeman. "Let me go, too! Let me——"

"No—you two stay on the launch," Ward shouted. He tore off his oilskin jacket, and stood poised with legs straddled to offset the motion of the raised deck beneath his sea boots. "You'll do more good here. And be ready for action. They may try to sink the launch. If they turn out to be hijackers and we lose the boat, all three of us are apt to be swatted out like so many flies."

"Skipper—let me go with you!" pleaded Bain at the wheel. "It will be suicide for you to go alone. No telling what we're up against. We don't know what's on that——"

"Port!" bellowed Ward, crouching low. "Bring her up alongside. Port!"—while Bain moved nimbly at the wheel. "Now steady! There!"

The speedier launch plunged drunkenly alongside the overhauled sloop, so close that it seemed as if the sides of the contending craft would bump with dire results in such a sea. Ward measured the distance between himself and the sloop's deck, bent even lower with arms outstretched sidewise—and jumped.

He landed on the deck in spite of the weight of his cumbersome sea boots, safely clearing the rail. For a few seconds he teetered, recovering his balance on the plunging deck, stood erect, and faced two swarthy Italians, one short and stocky, with wicked black eyes and a heavy black mustache, the other taller, lean, and with a long smooth face. The engine of the sloop had been shut off.

Holding his revolver in his right hand, Ward fumbled in his coat pocket and drew out a small flashlight. He trained the gun on the two Italians, standing speechless with surprise, and shot a brilliant glare from the flashlight into their faces.

"Now tell me who you are—what's your business, running out here without lights?" demanded the patrolman. "Talk fast, you!"

"Me? I cap'n," quavered the stocky, black mustached seafarer. "This fishin' sloop *Rose D.* Comin' back from fishin' trip——"

"What's your name?" snapped Ward.

"Antone Tavernelli," replied the chunky Italian. "This—pointing at his companion—"is my mate, Enrico Gilli. I got fishin' license."

Ward swept the flashlight ray over the deck. It was littered with nets, trawl tubs, and tarry barrels. He stepped to one of the latter between the Italians and himself, keeping the two under cover of the gun and the flashlight the while. Reaching into the barrel, he groped in its contents. Clear to the bung it was filled with small fish, evidently used as bait.

Ward felt just a little cheap at this discovery. To all appearances he had gone to all this trouble to board a harmless fisherman. Tavernelli added to his chagrin by remarking:

"It's a pretty tough line when a fisherman can't go about his business without bein' bothered like this. You satisfied? Huh?"

Ward lowered his revolver, but swept the beam of the flashlight over the deck for a final inspection. He was mad clean through. The boys would have the laugh on him. Some of the force were inclined to make light of the fruitless chases frequently indulged in by police launches. More than once Ward had been "razzed" for similar wild-goose episodes when he had boarded craft innocent of sneaking in contraband.

Tavernelli jumped to the wheel, for the sloop, with the full force of the gale on her quarter, was fast getting out of hand. If the squall had not already passed its peak, the position of the unguided *Rose D.* would have been precarious indeed. Though the rain had ceased and the thunder and lightning died away to the northwest, the waves were still rolling in hills and hollows. Again and again one larger than the last crashed over the stern, ran swirling down the deck and swashed from side to side amidships.

Ward did not restrain Tavernelli, who was steering into the lee of Manhattan Beach. The launch rode alongside without so much as scraping the wall of the plunging sloop, imitating the larger vessel's movements like a pilotfish a shark's. Enrico grinned mockingly, keenly appreciating Ward's apparent dilemma.

The somewhat confused patrolman again swept the deck with the flashlight's glare. Nets, trawl tubs, bait—but no fish! Where were the fish? In the hold? Perhaps. What the devil *was* in the hold? He trained the flashlight on the hatch.

"Open up!" he commanded Enrico. "Unbatten that hold!"

The smile on the horse-like face of the lean Italian vanished. He hesitated, looking at the hatch, then at Ward, as if he did not wholly understand.

"Open up! I won't ask you again!" reiterated Ward, advancing toward the hatch.

Still the Italian did not seem to comprehend, and Tavernelli was too busy at the wheel to notice his mate. Ward seized the hatch and tugged it apart from its coaming. He flashed his light into the dark, evil-smelling space below deck.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" ejaculated the astounded patrolman.

For the flashlight illuminated the blinking eyes and terrified faces of what looked like an army of Italians! That is, Ward thought they were Italians. Anyhow, they were foreigners—smooth-faced and bearded, arrayed in gaudy shirts and neckerchiefs, and emitting an odor of garlic that was sickening. While Ward

(*Continued on page* 69)

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The Public Never Knew

(*Continued from page* 10)

you who have been so sweet to everyone and are so loved. However, I *have* always given you a free hand; you are level headed and pretty well able to take care of yourself. Girls nowadays are so independent that I see no real harm in it. Just make your own arrangements, dear."

"Oh, father!" More tears—this time a regular cascade. More embraces. And father and daughter both felt better.

Her passage was booked on the Leviathan sailing the next Saturday. Her social secretary sent out the necessary notes cancelling engagements, but the notes were not posted until the Leviathan had sailed. She had wanted to avoid verbal explanations and possible offers of company.

It was enough, she thought, to let them know that she had suddenly decided she needed a rest and was en route to England.

Her father saw her to her stateroom. They had an affectionate leave-taking. As he drove home, he turned over in his mind the chances of his daughter's having had a disappointing love affair.

"That's all I can fathom that could have caused this hysteria, and time alone can cure that," he mused. "But I don't believe she has been fond of any one man. Anyway, she's twenty-two, and has never abused the confidence I have placed in her. Her beauty might bring her annoyance when alone, but surely money can protect her there. Not a thing for me to worry about. I hereby cease to worry."

He received a wireless from her from the liner, and a cable announcing her landing. She cabled that she would spend a week at the Savoy in London, and he cabled back his hopes that she was feeling better. A week later another cable advised that she was going to Paris and would stop at the Crillon, where he again wired his hopeful greetings.

It must be admitted that the chronicle of these cables is sheer guess work, but some such communications must have passed between them, for the father and daughter were at that time, and are now, devoted to each other.

After her stay in Paris, however, her subsequent movements are not known until her return to America. It is presumed that she stayed in Sicily—probably in some obscure seaside village—for a few weeks, a month or more.

She returned to New York like the Arlingtons—without having announced her sailing from Europe, and like them, it is to be presumed, she had no one to meet her at the dock. She returned second class on a French liner—another odd coincidence.

Her father was shooting in Canada at the time. He would surely have returned to town had he known she was homeward bound.

It is believed that she did not go to her Fifth Avenue home on the day she landed in New York, and she was not seen by any of her friends until she returned to her father, who noticed that she had an air of poise and a slightly shadowed expression new to the girl he had seen off for Europe.

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However, she plunged enthusiastically into the activities of her gay set and appeared to be the gayest of them all. Her father said to himself:

"She has fought the battle and won!"

IV

"Now," said the Inspector to the Commissioner, "I suspected this Higgins woman from the start. Why should anyone kidnap her baby? It wasn't particularly healthy, and it was known to be quite fretful—which can be understood, under the circumstances.

"It is an awful thing to believe a mother guilty of infanticide—yet it is a bad thing for a police officer to shirk tracing the guilty if there has been such a terrible crime as baby murder.

"We did not shirk, but we had this weak-minded woman on our hands, and no proof of any wrong-doing on her part, and to have accused her without some proof would have been heinous.

"I say 'we', but I was not yet on the case. I didn't get busy until the New York Gazette printed its celebrated scoop.

"You see, here were the Arlingtons back with their baby, and as crazy about it as a couple would be who were childless twelve years, and all that time wild to have a baby.

"The Higgins kidnapping story had been in the papers several months, without a clew having been found that led anywhere. Then one night the Arlington baby had its first illness—at least the first illness that they felt severe enough to warrant a doctor's being called.

"Mrs. Arlington, panic stricken by the seriousness of the baby's illness, worn, distraught, incoherent, verging on hysteria, pleaded with the specialist to remain in the house until he could determine whether or not the child would respond to his treatment. She told the doctor how she and her husband had longed for a child of their own, and how much more this baby meant than one not truly their own.

"Mr. Arlington, too, was decidedly upset. His wife became completely unnerved when the doctor asked her to tell him something of the Arlington family history and her own health prior to the child's birth. He asked for details as to whether the baby had had any previous sickness, and whether her diet had ever been changed. Mrs. Arlington was so confused and evasive in her replies and emphatic in her reiteration of her joy in having a baby of her own, that the doctor's suspicions were aroused.

"Backed by the subconscious picture presented by the front pages of the newspapers which had been featuring the missing Higgins child, anyone seeing a blue-eyed baby girl of the same age immediately thought of poor Higgins and his distressful efforts to learn something of his tiny daughter.

"The doctor kept turning the thing over in his mind and wondering * * *

"The next patient upon whom he called was a woman whom he knew very well, and being a talkative man, he confided the curious circumstances which made him suspect that the Riverside Drive baby might be the one kidnapped on Forsythe Street.

"The woman pressed him for details. The doctor withheld the name of the Arlingtons, but unwisely he mentioned that they were both artists.

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"This woman patient had a friend who was an author. They saw a chance to make some money. Surely a newspaper would buy the story, if the artists could be traced, and that ought to be easy.

"They were successful in interesting the New York Gazette, who agreed to pay them five thousand dollars if the artist couple could be reached and their story printed exclusively.

"The Gazette, of course, had no trouble in running down the Arlingtons, who were agonized by the presentation of the possibility that their baby might be taken from them, though they insisted she was theirs.

"The Gazette editors told the Arlingtons they might become involved in the kidnapping case if they remained in New York, and suggested that they run down to Atlantic City, where the Higgins could be taken in a motor car to see the youngster, and the affair settled once and for all. Actually, however, the notorious scandal sheet wished only to take these people out of the jurisdiction of the New York police, in order to place every possible obstacle in the department's way.

"The Arlingtons, panicky but determined, left for Atlantic City with the infant. The Gazette reporters had no trouble in interesting the Higgins in the proposed motor trip, and they too were on the way. By now Mrs. Higgins had grown to fear the outcome of the case. Her husband had remained away from work for several months, while he continued his own search for his baby. He had grown haggard and unkempt, and rough in his manner toward her. With steadily increasing bitterness, he had upbraided her for not having watched the baby when she had placed it in the carriage.

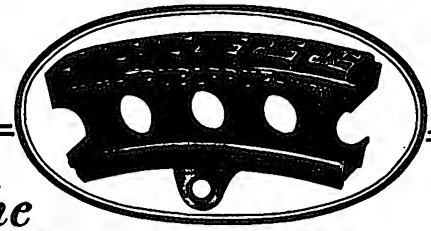
"My guess may be wrong—it's human to make mistakes, but I believe that in her limited mind she had concocted the scheme of recognizing one of the babies proffered her for examination as her own, thus closing the case and winning her husband back to her again.

"At any rate, no sooner did she lay eyes on the Arlington baby, in their room in the Atlantic City hotel, than she rushed hysterically to it, crying "my baby, my baby!". One of the Gazette reporters told me he thought she recognized the baby too quickly. She ran to it the moment the door was opened, before she had a chance to get a good look at the child.

"Well, the Gazette broke out with the story—a clean scoop on the town. They kept the names of the Arlingtons out of it at first, and also they did not reveal Atlantic City as the place where the Arlingtons and Higgins met. They wanted, of course to bottle the story up until they had run it for several days. Scare headlines, sarcastic editorials and scathing cartoons, renewed their constant attack on the department.

"When the first story appeared, conspicuously featured on the front page of the Gazette, the doctor who had attended the Arlington baby, and had been the unwitting means of starting the excitement, called on his woman patient, with whom he had discussed his half-formed doubts, and she quite proudly admitted that she and her author friend were responsible for the latest development in the now notorious case.

"The doctor then felt obliged to see us. He called on me at headquarters, and said he was sorry he had not seen us when the first vague suspicions formed in his mind. He settled for us the identities of the Arlingtons, and then it was easy enough at their apartment to



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learn that their mail was being forwarded to Atlantic City.

"The first train out carried me down there. The Arlingtons still had the baby and were refusing to part with it. The Higgins were at the same hotel, their expenses paid by the Gazette. It was a very pathetic afternoon that I put in at Atlantic City.

"I persuaded the Arlingtons that they were being made the tools of a newspaper by remaining away from their home, and assured them if they would make a clean breast of the whole affair, informing us from whom they had obtained the child if truly it were not theirs, that no criminal taint would be attached to them, and that we would make sure, by all scientific means possible to establish beyond all question the true identity of the blissfully unconscious center of so much interest.

"The Arlingtons then returned to New York and engaged a lawyer, who notified the Gazette the same day that if they dared print their names in connection with the kidnapping case, suggesting that the baby was not theirs, the newspaper would be held liable for considerable damages.

"Their names were not printed.

"Convinced of our good faith, and weakened by the great strain to which they had been subjected, the Arlingtons broke down and gave me a rather pathetic explanation of their place in the tangle.

"They told me they had been married for twelve years, and despairing of ever having a child of their own, they had decided to adopt one. Realizing, however, the slighting attitude taken by many people toward a child known to have been adopted, they determined to practice a harmless deception. It had been solely to substantiate their subtly broadcasted intimations that they had deliberately avoided their friends. This will explain their mysterious goings and comings.

"The Arlingtons gave me the address of a private sanitarium from which they said they had taken the child. It seems that when they returned to America in half secrecy they had taken a child from one of those unofficial institutions, where few records are kept and no questions asked.

"At a reputable establishment formal adoption would have been required, and the identities of the father and mother would have to be known. All this the Arlingtons wished to avoid. They had made such a great to do over the coming of their baby—they wished to go through with the thing to the end—and pretend they had had a baby of their own.

"Of course, at the place from which the Arlingtons said they had obtained the child, I could find no record of a baby having been taken out on that day. Apparently if there had been such a baby it was one they wished particularly to conceal. Its unmarried mother wanted no birth records kept.

"The Arlingtons went to the hospital with me, but they could recognize neither of the two doctors who presented themselves. Evidently there must have been another who was not there at the time we called.

"At this sanitarium was an old German woman who acted as nurse. I talked with her privately, and she said that several young doctors came and went, but she did not remember or had never heard their names. However, she was quite sure she could remember the faces

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of the patients who had been at the sanitarium during her service.

"That suggested an idea to me. I returned to headquarters and called in the newspaper boys, telling them we might have some action on the Higgins case the next day—that I was satisfied that the baby which Mrs. Higgins had identified was not her own. This promised a sensation greater than the first 'breaking' of the story, and the boys played it up for all it was worth. I also hinted that the baby in question had been born at an exclusive private sanitarium, indicated its address, and gave the approximate date of the child's birth which tallied with her apparent age. This, too, was manna for the scandal mongers.

"It was announced that the identification would take place at Bellevue the next day.

"As you of course know, the publication of that story on the front pages of all the New York papers reached every home. It was an unusual thing, to try to prove kinship of a little baby and a distracted mother, claiming that baby as her own, and of course the story had universal appeal.

"I had expected a crowd of women to be at the gates of the hospital to watch the baby and Mr. and Mrs. Higgins arrive, but I was not prepared for such a multitude. I expected, too, that, if the Arlington's story were true, the mother of that baby would be in the crowd—crazy to have a look at her child.

"And because I expected the mother would not be able to resist coming, I had the old German nurse from the sanitarium there to try and identify her. I warned the nurse that the mother might wear a veil or have her hat hiding her face as much as possible, but in any case of reasonable suspicion she should run to me inside the gate.

"The old nurse was on the job in the crowd, but I was afraid we weren't going to have any luck. In a limousine we had provided, the baby was driven to the hospital, and when the Bellevue attendant pressed through the crowd at the steps with the baby in her arms, the woman surged forward. All were so morbidly curious it was impossible to tell from the actions of any *one* woman if she might be the mother.

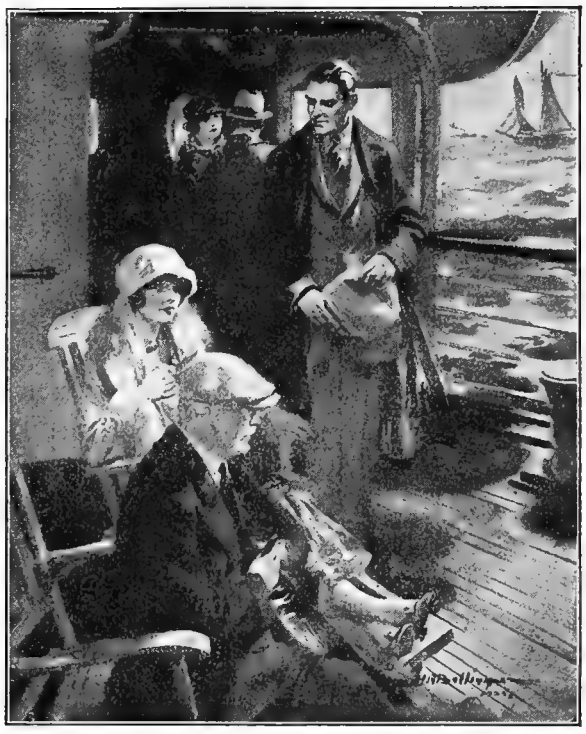
"The opening scene was a 'flop!.'

"Then Mr. and Mrs. Higgins arrived, in another department car. Our nurse hadn't spotted any woman, and I was afraid the great idea was going to flatten out completely. Perhaps the mother was a no-account woman who had no further interest in the child, I thought; or perhaps she was not in New York.

"The women continued to hang around the gates, only a few leaving. They were waiting to see the baby and the Higgins come out—possibly in the hope of hearing the results of the identification.

"The German nurse continued on the job, and finally she came to me. A slim woman had attracted her attention. She was sure that woman had been a patient at the sanitarium, although she had dressed rather plainly while there, and had worn her hair in a most unbecoming way. She had had a suite of rooms, the nurse said, and rarely walked out in the grounds unless it were dark—a discretion that was not questioned.

"'She was such a nice woman,' the nurse said. 'Her finger nails and everything were so nice.' As carefully as possible the nurse and I circled the crowd until she



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was able, without being noticed, to single out the woman she thought she had recognized. She was a very trim girl—I could see that! And she had her hat—a small cloche—well down over her eyes.

"I asked the nurse to continue looking around, and then I put two men to watch the girl and follow her, but not to let her suspect she was being followed.

"In a few moments an interesting thing happened. The baby was being brought out again, and this young woman we were watching was seen to press forward. Her hand reached up as if she were about to wave to the baby. Her pulled down hat could not hide the tears that welled into her eyes. I didn't take my eyes off her, and I knew she was deeply moved.

"With the baby gone, she turned to go, and then this nurse woman, who was a little too zealous, and who had not been able to see anything familiar in the other women, came close to the girl and tried to look into her face.

"The girl gasped 'Oh' in alarm, and hurried on. She must have recognized the nurse, whom I immediately called in, so that the girl would not think she was being followed. However, she had two men on her trail who would not have shaken loose if she had headed toward the North Pole.

"That evening I had my report. The girl had walked south three blocks and boarded a twenty-third street car. She got off at Madison Square Garden, where a sporty little French car was parked in one of the side streets. She drove away in the car, followed in a taxi by our men.

"She drove up through Central Park, turned once or twice, as if to throw off pursuers, and finally headed down to a Fifth Avenue mansion. She went in, and a chauffeur came out and took her car away.

"Now from the photographs I had seen in the society news, it was clear in my own mind that this girl we followed and a certain pretty little heiress were one and the same. I therefore, personally, in order to prevent anyone from sharing the suspicion with me, worked on the case. I was easily able to learn that the heiress had gone abroad twice, within a comparatively short time. With our present excellent international police cooperation, her stay in certain hotels in London and Paris was made known to me.

"The sketchy records of the sanitarium showed that a young woman, merely entered as Mrs. Reynolds, had been a patient between dates coinciding with the girl's arrival from France and her departure for England. The proofs are not positive but as our French colleagues would say, *'c'est assez'!*

"I announced that fingerprints had shown that the Higgins were not the parents of the little Arlington child. The prints of the baby showed nothing but arches. The Higgins' have loops and whorls.

. . . . . .

"True, we haven't yet found the Higgins' missing child, but one of these days I'm going to talk to that Higgins woman, as I firmly believe she knows what became of her baby.

"As for the girl—she is living her life in accord with the code of her kind. She plays the game with her pretty eyes wide open, and plays it hard. Perhaps in later years, in moments of abstraction, a twisted little smile and a hardening of the expression around her

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wistful eyes will show where lies her heart—perhaps not. Who are we to judge? But I cannot see that anything would be gained by dragging her name into it now.

"The Arlingtons have their child permanently, and it *is* their child by reason of their taking it as their own, to bring up in the atmosphere and with the advantages to which such a high born little lady is entitled. The little girl there is wanted and loved—she is where she belongs."

. . . . . .

The Commissioner tapped the ashes from his cigar and stretched a bit.

"Everything seems quite in order, Inspector, he said, "excepting that——"

He took the rotogravure pictures of the young girl, which the Inspector had produced, showing her in various costumes and at exclusive places, with her air of well bred indifference, and slowly tore them to bits.

Hong-Kong Fashions in Crime

(*Continued from page* 16)

in dealing with them "is to send somebody ahead with their arms, conceal them on board, and then book on the steamers as ordinary passengers. As soon as they get well out to sea they then suddenly break out all over the decks. They fire their revolvers and weapons indiscriminately, create a panic and proceed to loot the ship. They usually take good care to hold up the two or three white officers before the rest of the men get to work. They don't hesitate, as they did fifteen years ago, to shoot the captain if he offers any resistance.

". . . Special guards have been appointed and special piracy regulations have been drawn up to prevent the indiscriminate looting of ships . . . every ship engaged in the river trade that plies between Hong-Kong and other ports must carry grills which separate the bridge from the rest of the ship. The ships are all carefully searched and carry what are known as guards . . . for the last twelve months, owing to the fact that piracy was getting worse in spite of these precautions, the shipping up the river has been convoyed.

"Five ships leave for Canton every night and these go in convoy. One of them carries a special guard so that if any other ship is pirated they are able to stand by and prevent anybody from getting near the ship to remove the loot, while assistance is being sent for by one of the other ships.

"As a result of the piracies on the west river, when ships have to traverse not only the open sea, but go up a river, they are now escorted in convoy by armed launches, furnished by the Hong-Kong government, and manned by the British Navy. The number of these launches has been greatly increased at the present time in order to try and suppress piracy, and the latest steps taken . . . have been very satisfactory."

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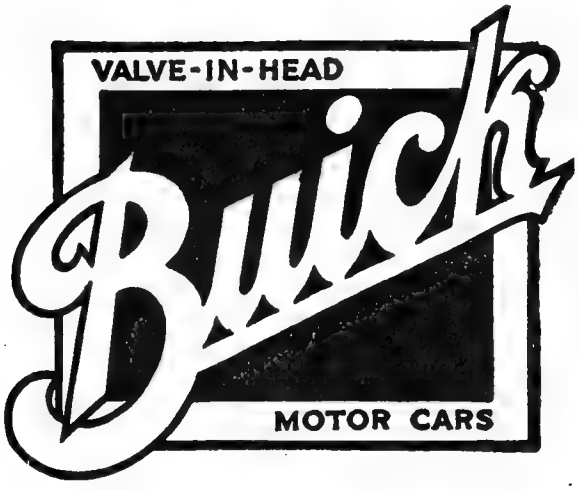

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The Hand of Fate Closes

(*Continued from page* 35)

rect. For some of these statements, at least, were not without corroborative evidence.

The girl lived in a village on the Campagna, a little way out of Rome. The report giving the details of her death, signed by the local Questore—sub-chief of police—included an account of some peasants who, themselves invisible in the darkness of late evening, had seen a woman whom, from her outline against the sky, they believed to be Giuglia as she passed with a male companion on the very night of her death, not three hours before her body was found. She was begging the man to marry her. He was refusing—and his voice was the voice of Franz von Geiermahl, which the peasants who heard it knew well.

So there it was; the human triangle which has stood for battle, murder and sudden death since the world began! A triangle with Giuglia, Franz and Friedrich for the three sides. Now that triangle was broken—but how had it been done, and by whom?

That Giuglia, driven to madness by Franz's refusal to marry her, had followed her to the embassy, murdered him and afterward returned home to kill herself in despair, is a theory that might have been credible were it not for the position in which his body had been found; for a girl to have hung his dead body to the hinge of that door was a physical impossibility. That she committed the murder and then procured help to aid her in disguising the fact was possible, but to the last degree unlikely.

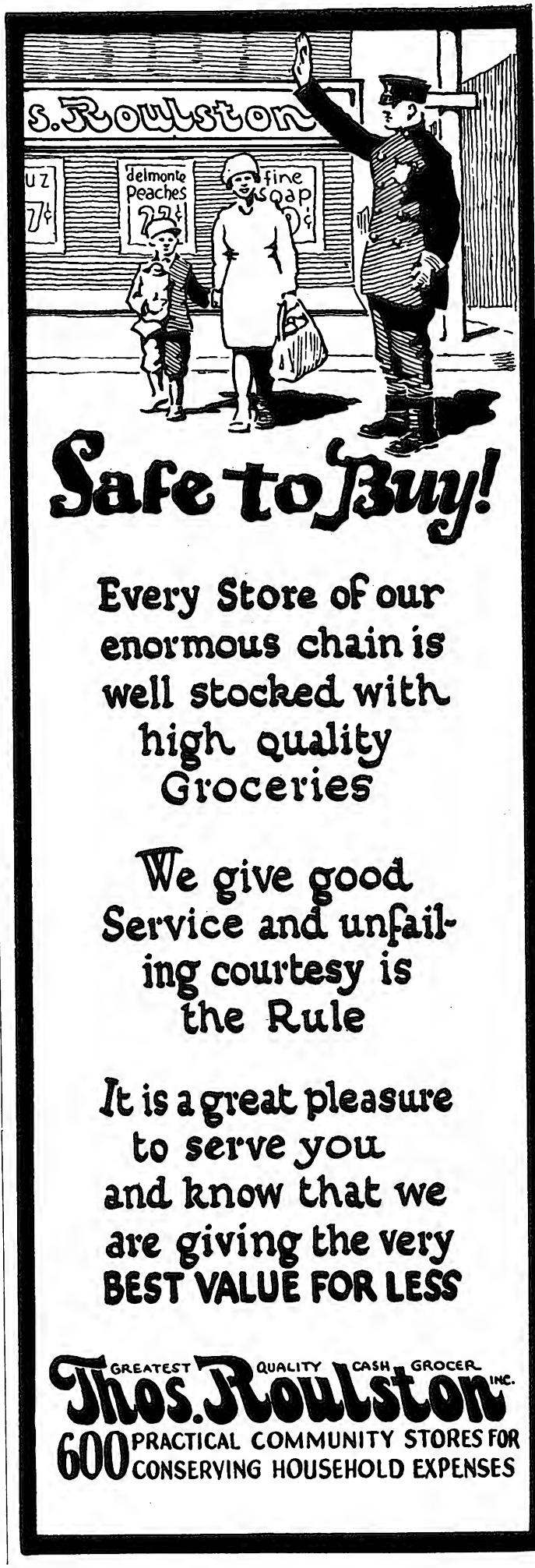
The problem might work out in this way: Giuglia, driven to despair by impending disgrace, had killed herself. Her death was avenged by the murder of Franz. The murderer, in that case, was presumably Friedrich, who was supposedly actuated by a sufficient motive—his love for Giuglia—and who had ready access to Franz's rooms.

This, on the face of facts that had been laid before Professor Ottolenghi, was the logical theory. It fitted in with all the known conditions—but there was not an atom of real proof to support it. There was, in fact, no proof of any essential point save these; the girl's fair name already had been smirched, it bade fair to become irretrievably blackened; and she, as well as her recreant lover, was dead. All else was pure surmise.

As yet Professor Ottolenghi had attempted no personal investigation of this affair. At first it had not seemed to be necessary, and he is a very busy man. But now what was needed were facts—facts that would serve for proofs—and they were needed at once, before the scent could grow cold. So he took up the matter himself.

The body of Franz von Geiermahl had been cut down by those who found it. This was natural and also proper; the finders were neither medical men nor detectives, and for aught they knew some spark of life might remain. Otherwise the scene of his death remained undisturbed. Very brief examinations, first of the body, next of the door and the door-frame against which it had hung and then of the floor directly beneath, were rich in results, which can be summarized as follows:

The wounds, as had already been stated, were three in number. Two of them were superficial; the bullets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had glanced from Geiermahl's skull, with a force that probably would have staggered him had he been standing but would not wholly have stunned him. The third bullet caused death that was practically instantaneous.

Scalp wounds bleed freely, as anyone who ever has had a "broken head"—so called—can testify. Blood, therefore, was spattered over door and door-frame; it had dripped upon the floor. Its meaning was plain to be read.

The red drops which besprinkled the door and its frame, dashed there by the bullets, were none of them near the bottom. Those on the floor were round, but their edges were fringed, showing that they had fallen from a considerable height. The body, therefore, must have been suspended from that hinge when the shots were fired; and a murder by hanging being wholly out of the question in the circumstances, the only remaining possibility was that it had been a most determined suicide, by shooting, with the hanging held in reserve in case the bullets failed.

Superficially, it now seemed that the deaths of Franz and Giuglia constituted a double suicide, perhaps a pact. Such cases are not uncommon, but Professor Ottolenghi doubted if this were one of them. This was no instance of lovers who end their lives because they are forced apart. As far as Franz was concerned, his reaction to Giuglia's plight would have been one of triumph at having added one more conquest to his score. Therefore her death also had to be looked into. It was more puzzling at first than even his had been.

Giuglia had been killed by a bullet fired into the left side of her head. It was possible, but barely possible, that she herself could have fired that shot by using her left hand. This had been previously noted, but another and more significant fact was passed without remark; the pistol had been found near her right—not her left—hand. Yet she had been killed instantly. Therefore, if this were a case of suicide, the girl had changed her pistol from one hand to another after she was dead.

Her death, then, was not a suicide but a murder; that conclusion was inescapable. But who was the murderer? This was where the puzzle lay.

At first this problem defied solution. Many theories were formed and proofs were vainly sought to support them, until at length the Professor determined to discard the written reports, and to personally examine all the available evidence. Very soon he found what he sought.

Giuglia's pistol already had been examined for finger-prints, and finger-prints were found. They were her own. They were, moreover, made by her right hand; her left-hand prints were wholly lacking. Though plain enough, some of them had a peculiarity which for a time baffled even the Professor. This was a sort of smudgy halo which partially surrounded them. So badly blurred were these halo-like marks that the most powerful glasses for a time failed to disclose their nature.

At length however, a few lines, faint but sufficiently clear for identification, revealed them for what they were; finger-prints. They were the prints of fingers far larger than Giuglia's. They had been pressed over hers in closing her dead hand upon the pistol after the fatal shot had been fired; and those larger fingers were the fingers of Franz von Geiermahl.

Probably the girl had threatened him, and he had snatched her weapon away. At all events, in some way

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he had managed to get the gun into his possession, had shot her and then put it into her hand. Returning to his rooms, the money-lender had met him with reproaches and angry promises of exposure and disgrace. It must have been plain that the hand of fate, in one form or another, was closing around him. There was but one means of escape—so he took that one—and made sure that it did not fail.

So the real tale was told. The supposed suicide was murder; the supposed murder a suicide which took the criminal beyond the pale of human justice.

And the Italian police had added another victory to their long sequence of successes.

Progress in Protection

(*Continued from page 47*)

force. In other days the police were unnecessarily rough and often grotesquely discourteous to citizens who chanced to violate some minor rule or otherwise incur police displeasure.

Mr. Enright sent a special order to every member of the force with an earnest plea for courtesy with reprints from newspaper clippings and letters to the Commissioner commending certain officers for their courtesy and kindness. In part this order read:

"Courtesy is our greatest asset. It lightens our hardest and most trying tasks. It gains us the good will of the public whom we serve. It enhances our standing in the Department. It stamps us as worthy of our position. It marks us as gentlemen. Let's be courteous always!"

The entire aspect and morals of the force has been changed by this constructive psychology and with it a marked change in the attitude of the public toward the cop. He now has a hundred friends and well wishers to the one he had under the old régime.

This is a most noteworthy feat—far greater, one is tempted to say, than the passage of a dozen death penalty laws.

But the great Commissioner's most noteworthy innovation was his order that the police make friends with the boys. In other days the cop and the boy were sworn enemies. I can well remember when the sight of a cop to a group of playing boys was like the sight of a dog to a cat. They would run before the advance of the cop from even their innocent play shouting:

"Brass buttons, blue coat,
Couldn't catch a nanny-goat."

The gangs of street urchins exhausted their ingenuity in efforts to harass and annoy their traditional enemy. Little wonder that many of them grew into maturity with this feeling finding more serious expression in unsocial propensities aimed more at the hated "bulls" than at society as a whole.

How different is it now. Boys can be seen everywhere walking along chatting with the cops. They cooperate in trying to preserve order. The police arrange outings for their friends, the boys on their beats. Many a potential criminal is saved from a life of crime by a sympathetic officer's advice and friendship. Boys caught for minor offenses instead of being hauled to court and sentenced to reformatories there to become hardened and schooled in crime, are now talked with, put on their

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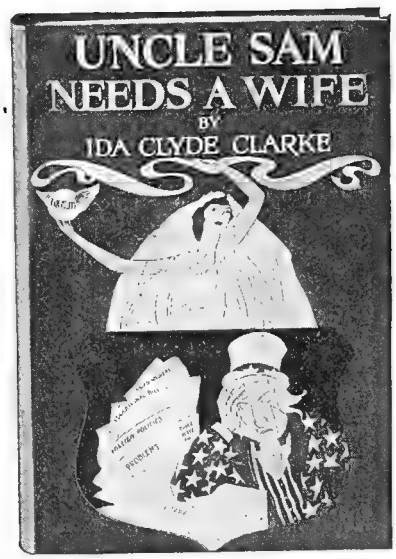

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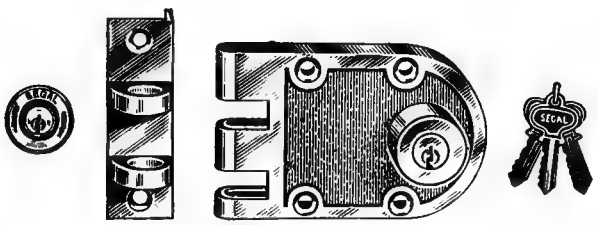

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This is a supreme achievement. It is fighting crime at its source instead of wreaking vengeance upon the criminal who is so often merely the product of blundering stupidity and failure to appreciate the most rudimentary facts in child psychology. Nor is Mr. Enright merely a glorified "cop." Delegates from the principal cities of the world at a recent police convention in New York were mute with admiration at his phenomenal memory. Once having met a delegate no matter how difficult his name—and some of the names in an international convention outrival the names on Pullman cars!—Mr. Enright would astonish his guests by calling them henceforth by name. His knowledge of their countries, the language, customs, social conditions and geography of even the most obscure districts was encyclopedic and astounding. His grasp of history is so remarkable that a college professor recently remarked "Enright, should time permit, might be one of America's historians."

The human side of the Commissioner and his fine spirit of personal loyalty has been evidenced by his repeated refusal to permit his name to be mentioned for nomination as Mayor of New York.

A Perverted Personality

(*Continued from page* 19)

casion, but it is believed he has not favored the United States with his operations. A complete record of the man, however, is on file with the American authorities.

The outstanding feature of the man's career is the persistency with which for fifteen years he has gone from one form of misdoing to another. Arrest and conviction for crime seem not to have deterred him in the least. When picked up in one place on one charge he calmly shifts his scene of operations to another land, and goes to work again. France, England, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Canada, Belgium, all have entertained him, and four of them deported him. So far as is known he is not given to violence, but manages to preserve his record clear in that respect. Italy claims that his offenses were mostly of the moral nature. France has seen him as a petty criminal and as a cheap patriot. England knows him only as a small, mean thief. Germany finds him a nuisance because he consorts with anarchists and counterfeiters. It is in Canada that he first takes up the drug traffic, and this is the gravamen of the Belgian and Swiss charges against him.

That the man is dangerously incorrigible is apparent from a mere perusal of his record. Facile at languages his operations become easily international in character. Because nothing has been heard of him in two years does not indicate that he has abandoned his career. That has happened before. There have been interregnums of two and four years previously, and then he has occupied the attention of the police once more. Where he will appear next; whether he will be bearded or shorn; whether it will be burglary, coining, theft, moral infractions or the opium traffic is a question. Wherever he appears he will command attention, for to repeat my words on the station platform at Basle.

"He has a personality, that one."

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Cops in Camp

(*Continued from page* 28)

United States Cavalry, and the work as planned, will be so balanced as to render it enjoyable to the student campers. Disciplinary drills, and the teaching of team work and co-ordination, will play a great part in the development of the horsemen. The great thought behind all the instruction will be that the important thing is the effect the camp will have on each man in fitting him for his future life. Instruction will be mixed with pleasure when the men are taken on long cross-country rides through the beautiful roads of northern Vermont. As Fort Ethan Allen is very near Lake Champlain, these rides will sometimes be along the shores of the lake, and will be followed by the aquatic sports there.

Other trips will be to Mount Mansfield, the highest mountain in northern Vermont, which will give opportunities for mountaineering. There are fine facilities at Fort Ethan Allen for tennis, baseball, bowling and general athletic contests, a beautiful parade ground affording an ideal location for such activities.

The student campers from the police will be assisted in their work by the officers and men of the Third United States Cavalry, which has a history equalled by only a few regiments of the army. It has participated in all the wars of the nation since 1846 and its old flags carry the names of the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, and Mexico City. This regiment took part in one hundred Indian fights, charged up San Juan Hill in Cuba, and participated in sixty battles in the Philippines. It was the first American Cavalry regiment to reach France in the World War.

The men who will serve at Fort Ethan Allen under the inspiration of this splendid regiment will fill the camp to capacity, as the entire quota was made up months before the opening of the camp.

The training that these New York mounted policemen will have at Fort Ethan Allen does not differ in intensity and character greatly from that which is being received by the Riot Battalion at the National Guard Camp at Peekskill, N. Y., the officers of the Reserve Corps, at Blauvelt, N. Y., and by many policemen and sons of policemen at Plattsburg, the basic camp; at Fort Hancock, N. J., the Coast Artillery Camp; at Fort Dupont, Del., the Engineer's Camp; Mason Barracks in New York, the Field Artillery Camp; and at Camp Alfred Vail in New Jersey, the Signal Corps Training Station.

One and all of these various members of the police force will acquire during their vacations in khaki, a higher patriotism, a stronger comradeship, a better discipline and a finer appreciation of the meaning of the work they do in serving their nation, state and city.

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Deeka

(*Continued from page* 45)

hands Win slowed the car down as we came up and Bill swung out from his seat. As he did so his coat flew open. The young fellow stared as if he was looking at a ghost.

"My God, do the constables stand in with the crooks up here?" he called out.

"How do you mean, stand in with the crooks?" said Bill.

"Why, can't you see I'm being held up?"

Bill looked hard at the gang. A long legged country fellow spoke up. "We thought mebbe it was Howard."

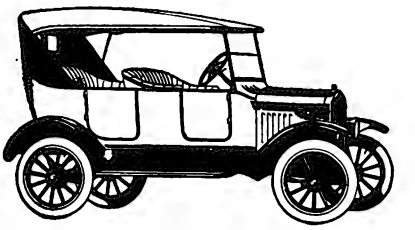
"Gowan," said Bill, "leave harmless pedestrians alone or you may strike one that'll show fight. If he hit you your brains would rattle." We drove on.

It was at least five miles further to the place where Howard had been seen the previous afternoon. We found a crowd gathered there and greatly excited. It seemed that a cache of some food and blankets had been discovered in a shack nearby. I suppose that must have been what Howard was coming for when he was seen and shot at. The country around here was more open than most I had seen and it was hard to imagine how our man could have gotten away and lost himself so completely. The road looked as if an army had marched over it; even the turf in the fields was beaten down. For the first time I began to have doubts of my ability to follow the trail; human spoor is pretty cold at best after twenty-four hours, and when it has been confused by hundreds of crossing trails the task of following it is too much for the keenest nose. Even a bloodhound can't do that.

But while I'll admit frankly that the bloodhound has wonderful scent and a good deal of natural sagacity, when it comes to the purely technical problems of unsnarling a garbled trail, I must also observe that he has neither the temperament nor the training for my profession. To put it more clearly, his interest lies wholly in the trail; he has never been made to realize that the important thing is to get his man. Contrary to what many humans believe, he's a sort of kindly old fool who would gallop up to the toughest crook and lick his face. For a thief catcher he's far too fond of music; he's not grim enough and has too much poetry in his soul.

A trained police dog, on the other hand, never loses sight of his objective. He's out to get his man and if the trail is confused and cold he must use his wits. You may think I've been kidding about learning English, but that is not so. With us it is not a case merely of learning to recognize a few cut-and-dried commands the way a soldier does his drill book but of acquiring a working knowledge of all the common words and phrases that people use. Through this we are able sometimes to piece together a situation that would be hopeless for a hound.

I listened mighty carefully to everything that was said. One bit of news startled me and gave me quite a new feeling about the hunt. All these humans hated Howard and wanted to kill him because they thought he had abused the little girl. I'm fond of children—so long as they know their place—and the idea of a grown man being cruel to a little girl made the hair stand up along my spine. Orders had been issued that Howard



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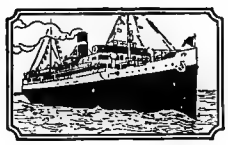

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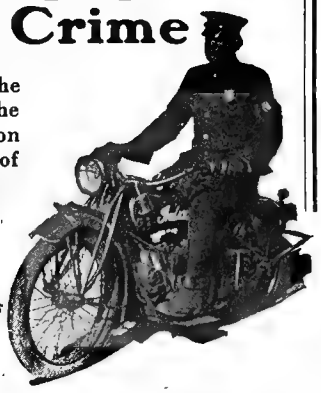

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was to be shot on sight. I hoped I could get at him first.

Win saw how the talk affected me and snapped the leading chain onto my collar. I talked to him—said "Now, now, now!" as well as I could and jerked my head towards the woods—but he grinned and shook his head.

"Not yet, my frien'. Some of dose bush-rangers be sure to shoot you for a deer."

Indeed it was a wonder they had not all shot each other up, for they were in a mood to loose off at anything that moved. The woods echoed with their shouting and I noticed that even Bill looked nervous. "They'll come out at dark," he muttered at last.

We went away and sat down. At least, Win and Bill sat down. I lay down and rested my muzzle on my front legs. It was a whole day now since I had eaten and the old keenness was coming back with a rush. At thought of that fellow Howard I could feel little shivers ripple my flanks and throat.

The sun sank. Twilight deepened and turned slowly to darkness. Stars came out and the air grew very cold. I thought of that poor kid somewhere up in those hills without covering or food—for, of course, the posse that found the cache took the stuff away—and wondered if we would be too late. The moon came up. Win just sat still and smoked his pipe.

Gradually a plan took shape in my head. Humans are curious creatures. They have *to know*. Unless Howard had gotten clean away across the mountains he would be almost sure to make another attempt to reach the shack where he had left his cache. Of course, he would not get very near on account of the camp fires in the valley, but he would come down a ways *and make a fresh trail*. That was my chance.

I looked hard at Win and tried to signal him the idea, but he sat hunched up, thinking and smoking his pipe. The smoke tickled my nose and made me want to sneeze, so I moved away a bit.

Hours passed without a thing happening. I couldn't understand it at all. Then, all at once, I heard footsteps coming towards us from the road. It was Bill and he had two others with him.

"All right," he said in a low voice. "How's the dog?"

Win grunted as he swung to his feet. I rose from the shadows and rubbed against his legs. Bill turned and started to walk away. We all followed.

Down the quiet road, past the pickets of the soldiers and the smouldering camp fires of the posses we marched in single file. It was a long walk and the moon was over the hills when at last we left the road and turned into some fields. We climbed an easy slope that led up into the hills. Before a clump of bushes Bill stopped.

"This is the place," he said. "Give him the scent."

One of the others laid down two bundles. Mort clinked my chain. I walked over to the bundles and took a sniff. One must take time in such matters because the faintest smell is often the most telling. I pawed the bundle and they untied it and spread it out. Then I put my nose closer and took a long smell.

This was the little girl's clothing. I don't know whether it was some she had left in the cache or that they had brought from her house, but the scent was unmistakable and clear. Nothing especially characteristic but still easy enough to carry in one's nose. Just about what I expected.

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I smelled of the blankets next. These had quite evidently been used on the trail, but while the girl-scent was strong there was scarcely a trace of any other. This surprised me. It was the man I must trail; had they nothing to give me the scent?

Bill caught my eye and nodded. He opened a knapsack and pulled out an old shirt. It had been wrapped up in plain paper and tied. He undid it and stooped down, laying it carefully on the ground so as not to touch the cloth with his hands.

I confess my nostrils quivered as I approached. A scent tells so much. There's nothing else that so gives a human away—unless it is his voice. Bill had stepped back. I walked up gingerly, sniffing as I went. And then I got the greatest surprise of my professional career, for this was the scent of a decent, clean-living man!

It gave me such a shock that for a moment or two I forgot to smell, but when Bill offered me a pair of old shoes I came to. After all, the job was the thing. I examined the shoes and showed them I was ready to begin.

"What's got into him?" said Bill. "He don't seem to care a damn."

Win shook his head and muttered something in French. They led me to the bushes. "Trail!" said Mort.

It was there right enough, the man scent—pretty stale and cold but perfectly clear. This was the place where Howard had last been seen.

I followed it for a hundred yards, lost it on some rocks, picked it up again and carried it into the woods. Here other and more recent tracks crossed it but I had the direction now and ran straight on. Win came along at the end of my chain. The other two followed as best they could. Gradually as I settled down to work the old interest came back, but I could not rid my mind of the fact that I was tracking an honest man. Then, all at once a new thought struck home: Suppose I failed to find him—what then? Almost any hour he would be discovered and shot on sight, and if the little girl was with him she would be lucky not to get a bullet too. Without knowing it I sprang ahead so hard that I yanked Win off his feet.

There was no hanging back now. I ran low and silently—as always—questing for the scent that was nearly gone. Brambles, brush, more rocks, a ravine with running water—and it was lost. Not a trace left.

A hound would have ranged or doubled, trusting only to his nose. He would have circled and yelped and run over the old trail half a dozen times, only to lose it at the same point each time. But I knew better. My man had been making a straight line. He was going somewhere—and I would go there too. I doubt if Win even knew I had lost the scent. At any rate he has never said so.

I heard the two men with their rifles struggling to catch up, but I never slackened my pace. Dawn was breaking; there was not a minute to lose. Far below, the sounds of stirring men floated up to our ears.

I ran on, hauling Win after me. We topped the ridge and came to a level space. And here I realized that I might be at fault, for there was no telling which way my man had turned. A terrible doubt came over me; perhaps after all it had been wrong to play a hunch. And then, right on the brow of the hill, I ran onto a

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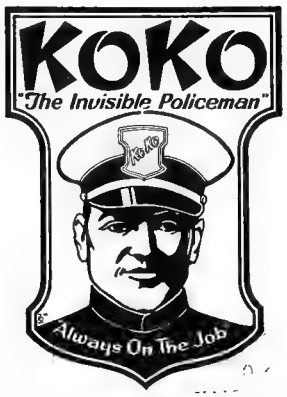

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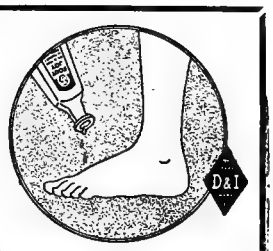

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fresh, hot trail, not six hours old! Howard had come back to look, just as I knew he would.

As far as I'm concerned the rest was simple enough. It's silly to call me a hero for what any poodle could have done. I slowed down and gave Bill and his two men a chance to come up. Then I followed the fresh trail a few hundred yards to a clearing where an old hay barn stood. Mort slipped my chain and the men spread out, holding their rifles at the ready. Howard was known to be armed and everybody believed he would fight. Somehow, I did not think so.

The trail led straight across the clearing to the barn. I followed it and went in. The scent of hay was strong and pungent in my nostrils. I rooted in it, coughing and sneezing. The dust nearly choked me and destroyed all power of smell.

"Shucks, he's got a woodchuck!" said Bill as he came in.

They stood watching me until I came up for air.

"What's the trouble, old boy? Can't you dig him out?" said one of the men with a laugh.

Win leaned over and rubbed my aching nose. "Mais non, it is not so, dis dog, he make no mistake."

"Well then, give us that pitchfork and I'll soon see if there's anyone here."

It was Bill who said this and his voice was clear and hard. A pitchfork, jabbed down into hay, will go through a man's body like so much butter. He had scarcely spoken when the hay began to heave. It burst open and a queer little figure struggled erect. It was a girl—small, thin, with white face and big frightened eyes. She looked nearer five than eleven.

One slender arm was stretched forward, pleading; the other, palm downward, seemed to be bravely guarding someone behind her.

"Oh, please don't hurt him, her shrill little voice quavered. "He's the only friend I've got."

"Come out, Howard," said Bill coolly while I sat down and sneezed.

Howard came, looking rather foolish, I thought. He stood up and took a deep breath.

"Look out for the kid, you guys; I'll stand the gaff. But whatever you do, don't send her back to that hellion of a father."

"He beat me," sobbed the little girl. "The day I begged Bert to take me away Father swore he'd beat me again before night. We were going over the mountains where Bert knows a kind woman who would give me a home. But I got tired—"

"If it wasn't for that damn dog," said Howard, "I'd a' got her there yet."

"If it wasn't for that damn dog," Bill answered, "you'd have been dead before another night."

So now they call me a hero. All I did was to tell the difference between an honest man and a crook—which every rookie knows—and to play a hunch that worked. Perhaps you hadn't heard that part of it, because of course I didn't tell the papers. Anyhow, Win got so sore when they tried to take our pictures that he called me into the flivver and we started for home without even waiting for breakfast.

The Governor of the State wrote the boss a letter thanking him for the services of "that wonderful dog." Can you beat it!

Bill is a good scout. It turned out that he is a regular detective—sort of official adviser to those States up there that can't afford Bureaus of their own. It was his idea to send for me in the first place and not let them murder Howard out of hand. He shared a sandwich with him on the way down the mountain. They found a home for the kid, and gave Howard a chance to stage a comeback. It will be the making of him, I hope.

Well, it was quite an experience—out of the ordinary, to say the least. Good Lord, *here comes another woman to pat my head!*

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Without Benefit of Consul

(*Continued from page* 50)

surveyed his find and mumbled, "One, two, three, four, five—" as he attempted to count them and gave up in confusion, the rabble suddenly burst into such a jabbering and cacophony as the amazed policeman had previously heard only in the parrot house at the zoo.

Some attempted to climb out through the hatchway, but a shake of Ward's gun sent them scurrying back like so many terrified rats.

"Here—come here!" Ward shouted at Tavernelli. The patrolman stood back so that he covered the hold, the captain and the mate of the sloop simultaneously. "What are these fellows doing here? Who are they?" as Tavernelli turned the wheel over to Enrico and approached the hatch.

"They are my friends," passionately cried Tavernelli, assuming a grand-opera pose, his hand fluttering at his breast. "My friends I take out fishin'. I put 'em in hold when storm come up."

"What did you do that for? And why were you running without lights?" Ward snapped.

Tavernelli smiled broadly, and bowed with Latin politeness while he explained:

"I put 'em in hold so they don't get wet in storm. Too many to go in fo'c's'le. The engine fills the cabin. Hold is only place I *can* put 'em."

"But why no lights?"

"Oh, Mister P'liceman, I was afraid—afraid coast guard stop me, an' I wanna get home—get home fast in storm. Some friends"—with a sweep of his fat hand toward the open hold—"some of 'em seasick. Last time I come in with party from fishin' trip, coast guard held me up one hour, then let me go."

Logical enough, thought Ward. He knew that if he owned a small fishing boat, he would be likely to take precautionary measures to avoid overhauling by the coast guard, especially if he had a party of seasick landsmen on his hands.

"Where are your fish?" he asked Tavernelli.

The Italian looked exceedingly blank for a moment. "Fish," he repeated. He forced a laugh, and struck a tragic attitude, palms of hands extended outward toward Ward. "We don't have no luck—fish don't bite today."

"Don't bite? Not one? Not even a dogfish—in the middle of July?" sneered Ward. "Say, Tavernelli, that's too much for me to swallow. Perhaps you're telling me the truth, but I'm inclined to think there's something more to this. I'm going to hold this sloop, and you, and that bunch in the hold, for further examination. Take in your sail. We'll give you a tow to the lee of Manhattan Beach."

"You—you arrest me?" stammered Tavernelli. "If you do, I'll have you discharged from the force. You got no right to——"

"That's all right, Tavernelli. I'll take a chance. You haven't convinced me that you've taken this tribe of wops out fishing—not by a long shot! All right—take in your sail. We'll make a line fast to you."

Grumblingly the two Italians hauled in the sails while Ward accomplished the difficult return leap to the launch.

"What did you find?" asked Bain and McKay in the same breath.

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"Make a line fast from the bow of the sloop to our stern," ordered Ward, ignoring the question. "We'll tow 'em to the lee of Manhattan Beach and lie there till the sea's smoother. Then we'll examine every inch of her."

The line was quickly made fast, and the launch staggered with her tow into the lee of Manhattan Beach. On the way to what promised to be a sheltered anchorage, Ward told his experience to his crew.

Bain eyed him, and sniffed contemptuously.

"We're in for a grand old razzing now!" Bain lamented. "It's just like a scared wop skipper to sail without lights. And perhaps they took their fish into the hold with 'em. If they have, we'll stand a better show of getting a call-down from headquarters than promotion."

"I can't help that," insisted Ward. "I've got a hunch things on that sloop aren't just as they ought to be, and I'm playing it."

But the lee of Manhattan Beach was scarcely smoother than the open water outside. Ward glanced at the chronometer in the small binnacle of the launch. It was a little after midnight.

"It won't do us much good to anchor here," decreed Ward. "In this sea we can't make a proper inspection. We'll have the sloop run into Sheepshead Bay, and make fast to the dock there. We'll keep her company, of course."

Several lanterns gleamed on the deck of the *Rose D.* By their light Ward could discern the forms of Tavernelli and Gilli moving about.

"Up sails and run into Sheepshead Bay!" Ward shouted at the Italian skipper. "Cast off that line!" indicating the line which held the two vessels together.

Tavernelli understood, and Ward coiled in the loose line. With her engine sputtering and mainsail up, the sloop set a slow pace toward Sheepshead Bay, the launch following her at a leisurely clip.

While the two craft swung through the greatly diminished waves into the more sheltered bay, the moon parted its veil of murky clouds—only an eyebrow of a moon, but enough to prove that the wind, which had hauled to the west, would bring fair weather and smooth seas.

Ward's two fellow patrolmen maintained their silence while the lights of the waterfront grew brighter. No doubt they were wondering, as he was wondering, what the outcome of their seizure would be. They had performed their duty—duty such as most landsmen never would have performed under similar circumstances. But if their prize turned out to be only a harmless fishing smack, as Tavernelli claimed, those landsmen would jibe at them and mock them mercilessly. And the men at headquarters were landsmen——

Bain gripped Ward's arm as the sloop, the launch following her, made for a brightly illuminated dock.

"Look—aren't those automobiles—a whole string of 'em?" excitedly asked Bain.

Ward's brows contracted. "That's what they are!" he corroborated. "Yes, sir—taxicabs—all colors! Say—I guess we'll cut in ahead of this landing party!"

Accordingly Ward let out the engine and gained the dock far ahead of the sloop. The policemen made the launch fast to the tip of the pier and ascended a lad-

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der to the wharf, where they waited for the *Rose D.* to draw up and make fast. Slowly the sloop nosed up to the side of the pier, and Gilli cast a line to a fellow who caught it and gave it a couple of turns around a post.

The three policemen, Ward in the lead, leaped aboard the sloop. Out of the hold swarmed the "friends" of Tavernelli, rushing for the side of the sloop as it scraped against the wharf.

"Get back, there!" yelled Ward, charging them, with Bain and McKay at his side. Ward fired twice into the air. Most of the foreigners retreated into the hold, but three, more doughty than the others, gained the rail, and began scrambling up the wharf ladder like monkeys.

Bain seized one and hurled him back on deck, shoving him headlong into the dark square that was the open hatch. Ward put a bullet into the vanishing leg of the leader, just as he was throwing it over the cap log of the wharf with a clear course to liberty ahead of him. With a yelp of pain the wounded man dropped, caught himself, lost his balance, and tumbled with a thud back on deck, where he lay still. The other fugitive returned, jabbering frantically, to deck, and surrendered before he was accorded the same harsh treatment.

"Hadn't we better call up the station for a squad to guard these wops while we search the vessel?" asked McKay. It was evident that the marine police novice was nervous. The shooting had attracted a group of taxi drivers to the sloop, who stood on the wharf, and looked down on the three standing with drawn revolpers, keeping Tavernelli, Gilli, and the clamorous rabble in the hold all under surveillance at the same time.

"Sure—call up—tell the sergeant to send *two* wagons," consented Ward. "We're in this thing now, and we may as well make our razzing complete. I'm convinced that Tavernelli has something up his sleeve. And the charge of running without lights warrants taking the whole bunch for questioning and making a thorough examination of the sloop."

"Oh, Lord!" wailed Bain. "Skipper, we'll never hear the end of it! Won't Tavernelli and Gilli be enough to arrest? Why gather in this whole army?"

But Ward did not reply. He was listening to the rapid conversation in Italian between Tavernelli and a corpulent foreign gentleman who had descended to the deck without loss of time when McKay climbed the ladder to send for the wagons. Gilli stood close to the skipper of the *Rose D.*, listening attentively to the exchange of foreign lingo on the after-deck.

The prosperous-looking gentleman suddenly turned and stepped over to Ward. "I'd like to speak to you a moment," he nervously addressed the patrolman in perfect English.

"Make it snappy," consented Ward, stepping aside.

The well-dressed gentleman spoke in a low voice: "There's ten thousand dollars in this for you, my man, if you'll forget this thing and you and your men make yourselves scarce. Will you take it? You may as well. You'll get no thanks for pinching these fellows. You haven't a case against them. What do you say?" Gently he pressed a ball of paper into Ward's hand.

Ward slowly pushed it, not without a feeling of

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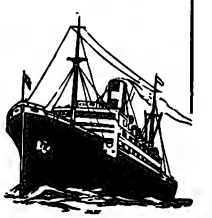

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reluctance, for the feel of money—real green money—carries with it a thrill that is not easily denied, even by the strong. For a second Ward hesitated, loath to relinquish the touch of that wad of bills. Ten thousand dollars! Enough to buy—almost everything he desired to gratify his simple tastes. Enough to split with McKay and Bain, and even then gratify them. Ten thousand dollars!

But honor—loyalty to the oath he had sworn when he joined the force. Money couldn't buy *those*. Ten thousand dollars couldn't buy them. A million couldn't.

He laughed in the Italian gentleman's face, and shoved the proffered hand rudely away.

"Put your money back in your pocket," he commanded disgustedly. "And get ready to take a ride in the wagon with the rest of your rotten outfit. The immigration authorities will settle with the whole damn bunch of you!"

At the shore end of the wharf sounded a jangle of bells. The wagons had arrived.

In the bright light of a full October moon, Police Launch No. 6 was lying hove-to off the mast of the wrecked *Princess Amse*. Ward and Bain stood in the cockpit and above them loomed the splendid figure of young McKay. The tranquil blue water lightly rocked the little craft.

"This night reminds me of the one when you jumped aboard the *Rose D.*, skipper," remarked Bain. "It's so different."

Idly they rehearsed the events of that stormy July night—how investigation by the immigration authorities disclosed the fact that a six-masted schooner of foreign registry was lying off Long Beach, engaged in smuggling aliens into America from Italy, and how Tavernelli, Gilli and the Italian gentleman, Luigi Vassela, were convicted of conspiracy to violate the immigration laws and marched off to Atlanta for a lengthy sojourn.

"I was sorry for those poor peasants, though," commented McKay, "when I saw all thirty-one of them deported back to Italy."

"They will be wiser next time," remarked Ward. "They didn't know how the ring would have cleaned up on them if it had succeeded in getting them into America—they fell for the bunk of the land sharks who said they could get them in without the usual formality. Our luck was their loss."

"Our luck!" Bain burst out. "It was your alertness that picked up the thread which lead to the break-up of that ring—that's what drew all that praise from the Immigration Commissioner. It was——"

"I hear an engine—muffled," exclaimed McKay from the raised deck—"and I see her hull—going fast—no lights. Headed towards——"

But Ward had opened up the engine, and the launch was on the chase.

It was all in the night's work.

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Our Modern Motor Mania

(*Continued from page 42*)

In this instance the people were definitely aware of their rights and the penalty for overstepping them, and they responded. In many cases they do not know—they should know and are not excused because of ignorance, but the fact remains that they are ignorant, and that they make no effort to inform themselves as to what they may and may not do. "The public conscience must be awakened", Mr. Marcus Dow, manager of the New York Police Department of Public Safety has stated, "and a spirit of cooperation brought about on the part of the thinking people of the community that will cause them to eliminate from their own personal habits those practices that people commonly indulge in which contribute to the accidents and death and injury on the streets and highways of our community." To aid in accomplishing this, originality of expression is often resorted to in the wording of the traffic notices throughout the country. On entering New Rochelle, New York, one is warned that "Fools used to blow out the gas—now they step on it". Jacksonville says: "Go slow and see our town—go fast and see our jail". In Cambridge Springs, Penn., the sign reads "This is a health resort; speed is not healthy". In Fernbank, Ohio, "City limits—use more discretion and less gas". In one of the Arizona towns "We have no speed laws. Be considerate. If you get in trouble YOU ARE IN TROUBLE". And in Denver, "People come here to live—drive fast and be different."

In some States slowly moving cars are ordered off main roads. Some cities speed up traffic passing through. Some municipalities expect the stranger to know that only eight miles an hour are allowed. Uniformity and simplicity of signs and signals would be of great assistance. "The type of sign used," Inspector Coleman suggests "should be reduced to the smallest possible number, so that their meaning may be more easily understood and remembered. While there were twelve different types of arrow signs adopted at the conference, there are really only two or three of the number of arrows mentioned that will be in daily use with which it will be necessary for the public to familiarize themselves. The one-way street sign is so well known that there is no need of explanation, and so with the keep left and right sign. The other signs may be unfamiliar for a while, but they will be quickly understood.

"The use of the arrow sign should become universal so that no matter in what part of the world a motorist may travel, the directional sign will have the same meaning to him, whether he be traveling in Europe or in the United States. This would eliminate a lot of unnecessary confusion now encountered when traveling from one State to another, or from one country to another. It will be a great factor in reducing accidents and insuring safety for pedestrians."

National and international standardization of traffic regulations and signals is essential. England, we are told by Sir Robert Peacock, President of the Chief Constables' Association, . . . "has agreed on a uniform system of signals and . . . these signals are now carried out uniformly." This is one outstanding example, but it is only a beginning. "Every government organism concerned," as Col. Geo. W. Lewis, Chief of Insular Police, San Juan, Porto Rico, declares, "must contribute its utmost toward the gradual paring down of the threatening avalanche to such size and controlability as will enable its keepers to harness and hold in check the monster we know by the name of Traffic." And Dr. Mosle, Traffic Commissioner of Berlin, seemed to voice the general sentiment of the recently adjourned International Police Conference, when he expressed the "hope that the United States will assume the leadership in establishing uniform traffic standardization all over the world."

At this meeting of the Conference, a Traffic Committee, made up of twenty-three Superintendents, Assistant Superintendents, and Chiefs of Police, Commissioners of Safety, and Chief Inspectors, with William Coleman, Deputy Chief Inspector of Police, New York, as chairman, presented their report to the meeting. After open discussion and the adoption of amendments proposed by Superintendent Michael H. Crowley of Boston, Commissioner E. Staneland of Victoria, British Columbia, and Sir Robert Peacock, Kt., M. V. O., Chief Constable, Manchester, England, the following regulations were recommended as a basis for standardization throughout the world:

This Committee held a meeting on Wednesday, May 13, 1925, to discuss desirable and necessary changes in and additions to law in connection with the size of motor vehicles, ownership, qualifications for operating motor

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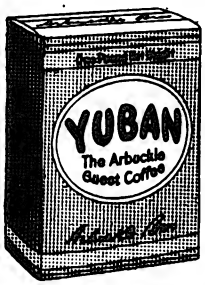

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vehicles, road markings, traffic signals and uniformity of directional signs.

Your Committee is fully aware of the fact that it is neither wise nor beneficial to enact numerous laws with reference to motor vehicles and their operation, but feels that only laws that are necessary for the protection of the public and the better control and regulation of traffic should be adopted.

Your Committee concedes that the results obtained at this meeting will not have the force of legal determination, but are only recommendations that have been prepared from an absolutely practical police viewpoint, which the Committee feels should receive serious consideration from all interested in the subject of traffic.

As a result of the hearing held, the Committee respectfully submits the following recommendations:

I.—VEHICLE

1. Design.
   a. Length. Twenty-six feet over all.
   b. Breadth. Eight feet over all.
   c. Height. Twelve feet over all.
   d. Weight. Regulated according to breadth of wheels used.
   e. Brakes. Capable of stopping vehicle going 20 miles per hour within a distance of 40 feet.
   f. Drive. Universal adoption of left-hand drive. It has been proven beyond doubt that left-hand drive is more efficient and a preventative of accidents.
   g. Wheels, Tires or Shoes. The covering thereon and the width thereof must be sufficient to prevent damage to the pavement or to sewer, water, gas or electric manhole covers located in roadways.
   h. Trailers. Not more than one trailer; loading capacity not to exceed five tons, not to exceed width of drawing vehicle; not to exceed two-thirds of the length of same. Combined loading capacity of drawing vehicle and trailer not to exceed ten tons.

2. Signal Equipment.
   a. Tonal. Every motor vehicle should be supplied with a suitable and adequate horn or other device for signalling, which horn or device shall produce a sound sufficiently loud to serve as a danger warning, but shall not be used other than as a reasonable warning, nor to be unnecessarily loud or harsh. The use of siren horn prohibited. The use of siren horn or Claxon signal may be permitted on emergency vehicles, such as operated by Fire Department, Hospitals, Police, etc.
   b. Visual. Hand signals for drivers: Arm extended from side of car and pointed upwards, to indicate: I am about to make a right turn. Arm extended from side of car and held horizontally, to indicate: I am about to make left turn. Arm extended from side of car and pointed downward, to indicate: I am stopping or suddenly checking speed.
   c. Spotlight. The use of spotlights within city limits prohibited. Spotlights should be placed and used so that the light therefrom should be focused on the right hand side of the road, not more than 200 feet in front of such vehicle. The use of glaring headlights to be prohibited. The type of lens used to be determined by standard adopted by motor vehicle departments.

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HAND SIGNALS TO BE GIVEN BY TRAFFIC MEN

a. To stop Traffic: Stand with shoulders parallel to moving traffic. Raise arm 45 degrees above shoulder toward moving traffic, hand extended, fingers joined, palm toward traffic to be stopped. Repeat movement with other hand to stop traffic in opposite direction.

b. To move Traffic: Face so that shoulders are parallel to line of traffic to be moved. Extend right arm and hand full length, height of shoulders, toward said traffic, fingers extended and joined, palm downward; bring hand smartly across body indicating direction in which traffic is to proceed. Face about, and repeat movement to move traffic proceeding from opposite direction.

3. Public Identification Device.

a. Description: Standard size of plate should be 6 inches wide by 15 inches long, with beveled edge to reinforce same. Plate material to be of a quality that will stand test of year's usage without cracking or destroying lettering or numbers thereon.

There should be standardized bracket slots three inches long by nine thirty-seconds of an inch wide.

b. Number per vehicle: Two plates; one in front and one in rear. Uniform symbols to be used, such as code now in use in New York State, so that the number can be readily distinguished and memorized.

Uniform code to be adopted to designate buses, hacks, express, moving vans, commercial vehicles, etc.

The color scheme for each state to be taken from a color number card representing all the states in such a manner that adjoining states will be assigned a color in contrast to each other.

c. Position: Rear license plate to be mounted over left rear mudguard; front license plate to be mounted over right front mudguard. Standardized mounting to be used. On vehicles where it is impossible to strictly comply with the recommendation, plates to be attached in such a position as to insure greatest visibility.

d. Legibility: Colors adopted for each license plate must be greatly in contrast with each other to render the numerals thereon legible for at least 100 feet distant from the vehicle in the day time. Rays of rear light to shine upon rear license plate at night time to make numerals legible for the same distance.

4. Operating Condition.

a. Brakes: Frequent inspection at least once a month of all vehicles on highway, especially in municipalities, should be made.

b. Tonal Signals: Brakes, steering apparatus and signalling device tested, also individual, operating time, tested as to his knowledge of visual signals.

c. Visual Signals: If brakes, steering apparatus or signalling device are found defective, license plates should be impounded pending adjustment of defects.

Individuals found lacking in visual signalling should have their license suspended pending new trial test.

5. Use of overstandard vehicles.

a. When, where or by what authority: In municipalities during the period between sunset and sunrise, and outside of city limits at all times, but in all cases the route should be designated on a permit granted by the municipality affected or by the state officials, or Interstate Commerce Commission. This type of vehicle is growing in demand and in the daytime is a big factor

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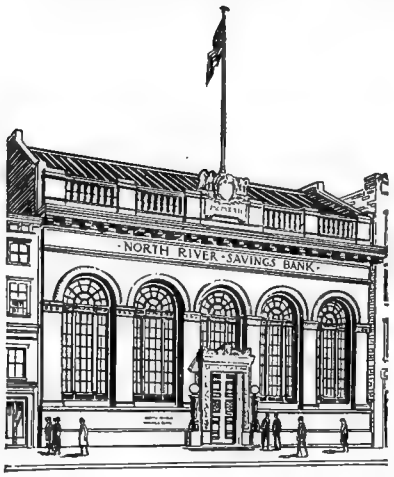

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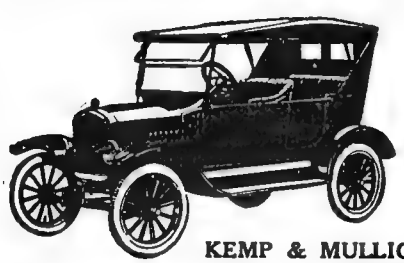

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in the obstruction of traffic: it is supplanting the railroads in the transportation of merchandise within the radius of 100 miles of large cities.

II.—Owner

Procedure recommended in connection with the following:

1. *Acquisition and evidence of ownership:* All states should adopt the principle of certification and registration of automobile titles as one of the most effective and important means of reducing thefts, and, owing to the casual relation between the theft and accident hazard, it would also be the means of improving the present public accident situation.

This legislation should be uniform and should contain adequate provision for enforcement with proper penalties for violation.

2. *Transfer of ownership:* In the event of sale or transfer of this title, the original purchaser shall endorse on the back of title certificate the facts of the transaction and, within twenty-four hours thereafter, file with the Secretary of State the plates assigned to such automobile and the certificate of title, which is then applied for by the new owner, who must present proper credentials to obtain same.

3. *Prevention of Theft:* Every operator of an automobile shall have in his possession the original certificate of title for the automobile being operated by him.

a. Unauthorized use: The unauthorized use of automobiles shall be punishable by six months' imprisonment and revocation of operator's license for one year.

b. Recovery of stolen property: There should be established in each State a large center for the storage of automobiles found or recovered. The motor number, license number, etc., of such automobiles to be properly advertised to facilitate the return of same to the rightful owner.

A rigid inspection of all garages, particularly public garages and repair shops, should be made at frequent intervals.

III.—Driver

The driver of any motor vehicle should be possessed of the following basic qualifications:

1. *Physical:* The physical standard of commercial vehicle operators should be of the highest order.

a. Minimum Age—Over 18 years of age.

b. Limbs—No person shall be permitted a license who is without a limb, with the exception of a person who can show, through practical examination before proper officials on road test, that they can use artificial limb in the competent handling of braking apparatus, referring to legs or lower limbs only.

c. Vision—Eye test and color test as now set down by U. S. Army standards.

2. *Mental:* To pass a practical road test such as the firing of a shot with prior instructions to the applicant that he stop his car immediately on hearing same, for the purpose of testing the mental reaction of confronting a sudden situation of this kind, as it has been found that many operators are not capable of meeting a sudden, grave emergency, such as the oncoming of a locomotive at a grade crossing or fire apparatus; they seemingly become paralyzed with no physical reaction to their mental capacity.

3. *Moral:* This is very important, as a person sub-

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ject to vicious temperaments, immoral habits and with criminal record has no regard for law and order and a standardized form of questions to be asked and investigations made thereof before applicant is licensed.

These basic qualifications may be altered on account of type of vehicle used as follows:

1. For personal non-commercial use and

2. Public passenger conveyances—all operators be given a very thorough examination as to use of emergency brakes. Also to be tested as to their knowledge of traffic regulations.

3. For transport of merchandise, etc. The same examination as required of the public passenger operator.

Same moral qualifications to be applicable to drivers of all classes of automobiles.

Determination of Driver's Qualifications

1. By whom. By State officials of motor vehicle departments.

2. How. By severe road test in the county in which he resides, at a location where his mechanical knowledge and knowledge of traffic conditions could best be determined.

3. Evidence of Qualifications. A grade license shall be issued. The highest grade would be passenger conveyances and trucks over two and one-half tons' capacity, and so on down the line.

a. Fingerprints. To be on license carried by licensee as well as on file at State Department office; this to apply to all drivers of motor vehicles.

b. Term of license. Yearly.

c. Re-issue. Two months prior to expiration of license, which should be issued as of January 1st of each year.

Applications for renewal shall be forwarded to licensees by Motor Vehicle Departments, so that on January 1st of the new year no operator will have any reasonable excuse for not having acquired a new license.

Form of application for renewal to contain all facts in connection with accidents or arrests applicant has been involved in during the preceding year, and whether, through sickness, he has become incapacitated.

IV.—Operation

The following basic and uniform system of road markings is recommended:

The arrow signs, as adopted at the International Police Conference in 1923, shall be used, except that the arrow shaped sign only shall be used, and not painted on a rectangular or other shaped board.

1. *Lettering.* Shall be black on a white background. No more words to be used than is absolutely necessary, as follows: "Keep Right"; "Detour"; "Stop"; "No Parking," etc.

2. *Graphic Conventions.* Not to be used at any time.

3. *Illumination.* Illuminated signs to be used at dead end streets, or other dangerous places.

In the traffic light control system the following lights should be used: Green Light for "Go"; Red Light for "Stop," the same as now in use in the City of New York.

4. *Advertising Matter.* Advertising matter shall be strictly prohibited in connection with traffic signals.

Recommendations for basic and uniform requirements of Traffic Regulations and Rules of the Road:

To be the same as now contained in the pamphlet issued by the New York City Police Department:

TEAR GAS

FEDERAL TEAR GAS devices have proven their effectiveness in hundreds of law enforcement bodies throughout the country.

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Traffic Rules and Regulations. "Thou shalt not kill."

1. *Speed.* Regulation of speed should be directed primarily at reckless driving and should be uniform throughout the country as far as practicable.

No vehicle to be operated at a speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard for traffic and use of the highway, so as not to endanger the life or limb of any person.

On thoroughfares where traffic is under control a maximum speed of twenty-five miles per hour to be permitted.

Laws to be enacted to prevent local authorities of small communities to restricting speed to less than twenty miles per hour.

2. *Reckless Driving.* Reckless driving and any other flagrant disregard of the rights of others by any operator on the streets or highways should be vigorously and unceasingly prosecuted. Prison sentences only to be imposed upon conviction, the duration of which shall be determined by the seriousness of the offense.

The following basic and uniform "parking" regulations are recommended:

Standing cars should not be permitted to endanger or seriously impede the orderly movement of traffic or prevent reasonable access to the sidewalk for loading and unloading of vehicles.

V.—Enforcement and Penalties

a. General Recommendations.—It is conceded that to make a success of all the points dwelt on herein it is absolutely necessary for a rigid enforcement of same to prevent thefts and accidents, and facilitate the movement of traffic.

The punishment for driving an automobile while in an intoxicated condition or under the influence of a drug upon second conviction within a period of five years, be imprisonment for not less than two years.

VI.—Pedestrian

We recommend the following on the obligation of the pedestrian:

Pedestrians and motorists should bear a considerate attitude, each to the other.

In cities pedestrians should be instructed, urged and required to keep within the boundaries of designated safety zones and crossing places, and where there is congestion to cross only with traffic.

Regulations by local authorities in municipalities governing above should be enacted with a fine for violations thereof.

To assist in the enforcement of this regulation road markings in white colors at crossings should be installed.

In conclusion the Committee recommends that the Traffic Regulation and Direction Signs as recommended at the International Police Conference held in New York City on May, 1923, be photographed; also that photographs of traffic officers be taken showing them in the act of giving hand signals the same as adopted in the Conference of May, 1923, and that these pictures, together with necessary information, be printed in a pamphlet and distributed to police chiefs in all parts of the country.

In addressing the Conference regarding the traffic problem, Chief Rutledge of Detroit closed by remarking "that while this Conference adopted by resolution or recommendation of the Traffic Committee two or three years ago, certain hand signals to be given by policemen,

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it is rather discouraging in traveling about the country to notice that so many chiefs of police have failed to adopt the signals as suggested or adopted by this Conference. If they would only be a little more interested instead of going away from here after hearing the speeches and reading the resolutions, and put them into effect, it would help a lot."

"That which is everybody's business is nobody's business", but in this particular matter so vital is the problem to each one of us that those, who through human inertia, have not yet acted, are at least contemplating action. The changes must come; they will come. Groups fall daily into line. The time is not far off when the plan for universal standardization of traffic signals and regulations will be no longer a recommendation, but an accomplished fact—another achievement of the International Police Conference.

A Fraternity of Aliens for Americanization

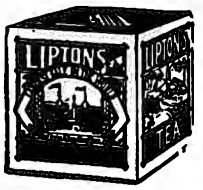
(*Continued from page* 37)

to the alien who has been legally admitted and has a right to enjoy the advantages and the privileges of American life.

Essentially a government of law and order, the United States must maintain its dignity in the mind of not only the citizen, but the alien population. Our immigration laws are a part of our statute system, and the proper respect for them must be had as for all other laws if we are to maintain for our government its place among the other nations of the world The knowledge that every alien must register will lessen the number of violations of our immigration laws by surreptitious entry of aliens. But the usefulness of the enrollment plan as an aid to detecting criminals is only secondary to the use which should be made of it in stimulating better citizenry.

The desire is, first, to teach English so that we will be a nation with a common language, every citizen standing upon an equal basis with the other in ability to understand all matters of general interest and to communicate one with another upon the many subjects which arise in the daily life of every man, woman and child in the country. In addition to English, the alien should be taught the several other subjects which treat of our national life, history, government and economics. These are far from being dry subjects. They can and should be presented in an interesting manner which will remove the tediousness of study and accomplish quicker and better results. The greatest menace to American institutions is ignorance led by selfish education—the man who has to get his information from one who sees fit to give him only such as will serve his selfish interest. The alien should be educated and made to think and argue for himself. He should not be allowed to take for gospel truth the statements made from a soap box by some red leader in his campaign of anarchy. Through a properly organized system of education the government will get its story first to the alien, and, once understanding what it is all about, the alien, usually here because

(*Continued on page* 81)



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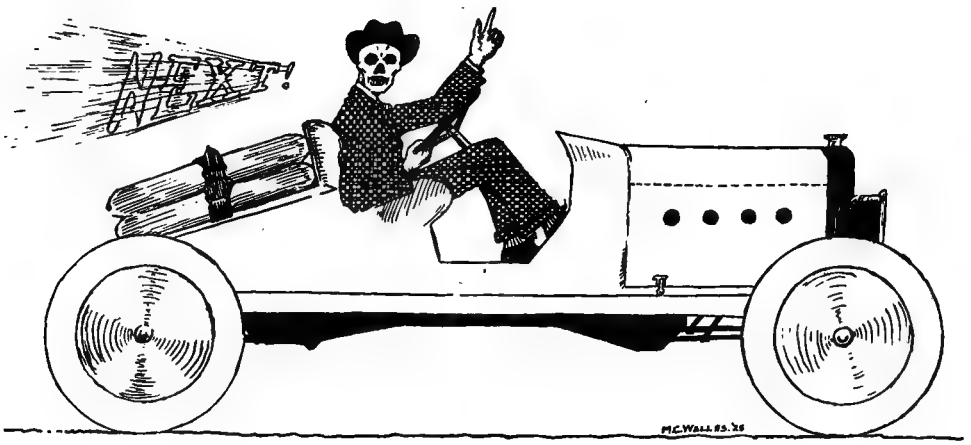


"A dozen years ago, when motorists were few, ownership implied both skill and earning power....today cars are priced anywhere to 50% below 1913 figures. The skill they require is negligible."

"Policing implies external compulsion to do a thing in itself unwelcome. Drivers on much patrolled roads get into the habit, not of protecting other road-users, but of merely avoiding arrests."

"Bear in mind that one half of all car owners have incomes of less than $2,000 a year and that one quarter earn less than $1,500. If you have the misfortune to be hit by one of these knights of the road, what chance have you of getting him to pay even for the flowers?"

"The difficulty of the problem lies in its very humanness. The tonic effect of rapid motion and changing scenes is beyond dispute; and no class benefits more by it than those whose 'lizzies,' 'road lice' and battered ex-'kings of the road' swarm the boulevards every Sunday and holiday. But there are too many among them whose natural selfishness and mental limitations make them public menaces."

From Herbert Towle's article "The Motor Menace" in the JULY ATLANTIC.

You know John Doe.

He earns a little less than $2,000 a year—and spends a little more.

Thoughtless, irresponsible, carefree, he buys a second hand car for $47 and proceeds to burn up the road.

He cares little, he knows less, he thinks not at all. He's what Ring Lardner calls a *wow* at taking chances.

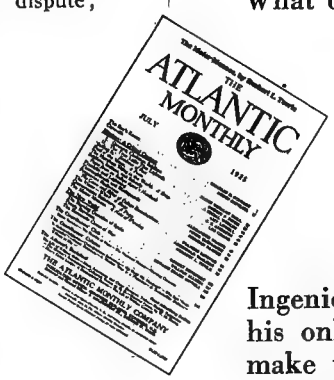
He figures *he'll* get by.

There's a couple of million of him in the United States. Last year they killed 19,000 and maimed 450,000.

The victims have no redress. John isn't insured, he owns no property, the $47 car isn't paid for.

Fines, license suspensions, jail sentences? He evades when he can—which is often—endures and forgets when he can't.

What can we do about him?



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(*Continued from page* 79)

attracted by the greater opportunities under our plan of government, will properly estimate the value of the statements he hears about him.

The national campaign for better citizenship through education should be organized with a national advisory committee to assist the Secretary of Labor in making such regulations to carry on the work of naturalization as would seem to best suit the needs or requirements of the United States and to secure the greatest cooperation among the several nationalities and races represented. The national committee would comprise the leading men in every one of these groups of enrolled persons. They would serve without compensation to the end that a better understanding and a more efficient working basis for Americanization and naturalization could be worked out. Under the national committee would be local committees made up in the same way and, as the Secretary of Labor would be chairman of the national committee, so the naturalization examiner would head the local committee. These committees, through the individual members representing each of the nationalities or races enrolled, would assist in making up the program for education and Americanization in the local communities.

Those organizations would work with the local schools, churches, fraternities and civic and patriotic bodies. They would outline the programs for education, determining to what extent text books, moving pictures, dramas and other means of education could be best utilized. At present there is no organzied program for such work. A number of separate organizations have undertaken it but they have been without direction.

I can picture to myself the great army of foreign-born banded together through the enrollment system as one great fraternal organization working toward the end of fostering better citizenship and greater respect for American institutions. In this work of Americanization there is a part for every American citizen individually and through the organizations of the church, fraternal, civic and patriotic societies. We should extend to the foreign-born every assistance possible to secure accomplishment of the ends aimed at. All have a duty and a privilege in spreading the gospel of truth about America and its institutions to counteract the radical propaganda of the few who dispense seeds of anarchism and hate for selfish purposes of their own.

The financial means to carry on the program I have outlined would be supplied by the small enrollment fee collected at the time of the annual enrollment. This fund, too, might be used in rendering assistance to aliens who through no fault of their own become destitute and public charges. The present immigration laws require that should an alien, before he has been here five years, at any time become a public charge from causes which are not affirmatively shown to have arisen subsequent to his arrival, he be taken into custody upon the warrant of the Secretary of Labor and deported to the country from which he came. Think of the tragedy which must follow when the breadwinner, the father of a family of five or six, dies and leaves them without means of support. The alien who dies and leaves a family in this condition before having resided for five years in America seldom

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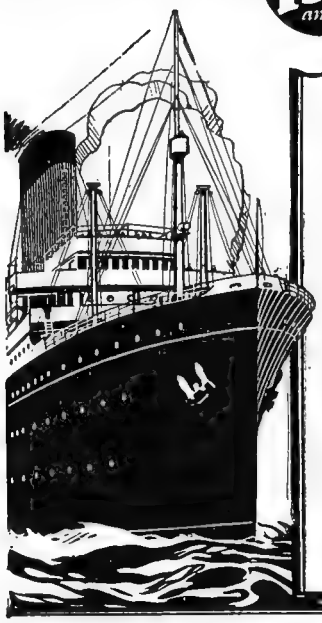

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leaves behind sufficient means to care for his family. The smaller children continue to make it impossible for the mother to earn a living, and thus the family has to be sent back. They have no home on the other side and perhaps they have lost all communication with their friends, and yet we do not deem it our national duty as American citizens to take care of them. The making of this enrollment fund available to help out in emergencies of this kind may seen fraternalistic, but, considered as a kind of insurance, that stigma is removed and the project takes on the essential elements of some of our leading insurance institutions.

Briefly, let me summarize some of the other results which I believe the alien education enrollment plan will accomplish; first of all, for the alien as an individual and indirectly to the benefit of the government, and then the results which would flow directly to the advantage of American institutions.

Frequently timid and hesitant, the enrollment requirement will be likely to bring the alien "out of his shell," so to speak, and to give him self-assurance. It will provide the contact now lacking between the foreign-born resident and the government.

It will arouse in the alien a desire for American citizenship, and, whether this desire be from patriotic or selfish motives, if he be worthy, his acquisition into American citizenship is advantageous.

It will mean protection to the alien from the wiles and schemes of the nationals of his own country and those born here through the establishment of places, the creation of committees, etc., from which he can secure reliable, accurate information.

The ultimate object, the assimilation of the foreign-born through Americanization and naturalization, is more readily accomplished because it does away with the necessity for producing witnesses who have personally known the applicant for citizenship for a period of five years. Experience has proved that this requirement, at present necessary, the alien cannot meet because of circumstances not otherwise detrimental to himself.

The government enrollment officers and welfare committees which this measure contemplates will frequently save aliens many expenses incident to the employment of lawyers and others to assist them in the preparation of their papers and the presentation of perplexing questions with which they may be confronted.

By being brought into contact with representatives of the government whose duty it is to make no distinction on account of race or religion, it helps to break down the barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding which sometimes exists between the foreign and native-born.

It will raise the educational standards of the foreign-born, and this will mean a higher standard of citizenship, which in turn must necessarily be reflected in more intelligent elections and a generally better qualified and more satisfied foreign-born citizenry.

Education in the language, methods, ideals and traditions of America means increased efficiency with the attendant advantages to the alien, to the local community, State and nation, and the world.

The result of this training will tend to eariler familiarize the foreign-born with American customs and ideals; will promote sanitary methods through instruction and by observation; and will reduce disease by an

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understanding of things taught and seen, read and heard.

It will reduce crime in that those who are inherently honest will not, when difficulties and embarrassments, trials and temptations arise, listen to the wiles of the tempter, because they have come to a knowledge that in America the individual has his own chance; will reduce crime because a clear understanding of the possibilities of America brings a realization even if the individual be not inherently inclined to honesty, that it pays to be honest.

It will detect the international crook, the dope or narcotic peddler and the trafficker in women and children.

It will lessen the number of violations of our immigration laws by the surreptitious entry of aliens, because the knowledge that all aliens must enroll will check the rush of such violators.

It will adequately check the legality of the residence of Orientals toward whom we have adopted a policy of exclusion.

Enrollment will diminish the effect of propaganda by irresponsible agents of anarchism, communism, etc., because the foreign-born will better understand American principles and understanding them will realize the folly of the red radical doctrines. At the same time it will reveal the existence of these sinister influences.

It will mean that the possibilities for the practice of sabotage, etc., on the part of the foreign-born, perhaps subsidized from abroad, will be considerably lessened.

It may make unnecessary some irksome laws enacted principally for the protection of the nation.

It will teach respect for the law, for with an understanding of the purposes of law comes an appreciation by the individual of its advantages.

It tends to eliminate wars by making the aliens here comprehend our viewpoint, and in turn convey it to those of their native countries who may be inclined to question our acts and motives; in other words, it tends to a broader international understanding.

This enrollment measure is obviously of advantage to the employer of foreign-born labor because of the increased efficiency, greater production and better systematizing of methods and reduction of accident loss by reason of inability to comprehend English instructions.

It will decrease labor turnover because promoting increased efficiency and a realization by employees that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." It will increase the products of America, both for foreign and domestic consumption, with the resultant advantage to the manufacturer and employee, thus promoting general prosperity.

It will react to the advantage of the next generation through intelligent direction of the qualifications of offspring in every line of endeavor.

It will enable us to better protect our own country, gained through the blood of our forefathers.

It will likely tend to the arrival on these shores of a better class of aliens, in that those here will convey to their relatives and friends abroad a higher conception of America and the duties and possibilities of participation in American life, with a resultant desire on the part of those better qualified to emigrate and a corresponding hesitancy on the part of those less qualified.

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What is a Kangaroo? Where Does God Live?

(*Continued from page* 29)

Schools are for education, but generally they can teach only the outside things like reading and writing and arithmetic. The inside things that make a good boy or a bad one seem generally left to take care of themselves, or supposedly to be taught at home. And yet it's these last that make the citizen. That is where the wise policeman can help a lot. But he can't help if the children have no confidence in him. There's nothing better than the "big brother" business for the neighborhood copper. With a good supply of that in his make-up the policeman will find he has enlisted on his beat an auxiliary or reserve police force that is going to be of tremendous help some day.

One of the worst mix-ups I ever got in had me whipped to mighty near the finish, when an eight-year-old girl saved me. A tough gang jumped me on a corner where they had turned out the street light. The little girl saw the fight and ran four blocks to the station house with the news. We were friends, and she trusted me, so when she saw her friend in a fair way to be killed she went to his rescue. Two little boys tipped me off to a proposed burglary on another occasion. I caught an insane firebug through "kid" information another time.

Too many people don't realize what a delicate thing a child's mind is, and how easily in its thirst for information about this big, strange world, it takes in good and bad information. A child is usually shy and secretive, particularly in the company of others. It may withhold information, or refrain from asking questions, until it can get alone with someone in whom it has confidence. I have answered every sort of question from "What is a kangaroo?" to "Where does God live?", and most times have been hard put to find a proper and satisfying answer.

The policeman is usually taught that a child under seven is incapable of committing a crime, at least in the eyes of the law. Sometimes they may forget that, but they shouldn't. And more parents should be aware of it, then there would be fewer cases of cruelty to little people. The law goes even further, and says that from the age of seven until the child has reached twelve it is extremely doubtful if he can be judged capable of committing a crime, though possibly, if absolute proof that he knew the character of the deed he was committing is forthcoming, he might be deemed capable. I'm inclined to doubt it. The young mind knows so very little, and sees so many monstrous things, that wrong standards too often cause acts which, while legally crimes, are innocently performed. The policeman has his hands full in dealing with these.

Most communities provide for the safety of a child if arrested. Generally it is provided that the child shall not be brought into contact with criminals in any way, even in a vehicle. But the actual arrest of a child is generally unnecessary. If they are taught that the policeman is their friend they will go to him when in trouble. I remember one case where a child was lost for several days. Silly parents had pointed out the policemen as men whom the law had provided to punish bad children. Consequently the child dodged in terror whenever he saw them. He hid in doorways when he might have been seen, just because his fears governed him. Had he been taught to have confidence in the uniformed man he would have been recovered within a few hours.

The amusements of most children are innocent, and the good policeman seldom interferes with them. When these pastimes are endangering property or likely to violate the law he will explain the situation in a kindly manner and suggest a substitute amusement. I think boys can be more useful to the policeman than girls, though the girls can be more easily induced to give their confidence and friendship. Boys are, of course, more inclined to be destructive than their sisters, and are more easily led into wrong paths, but the policeman who keeps his eyes and his heart open to the children will find he has enlisted on a campaign that will supply him with many happy memories in the years to come.

An old Inspector, grizzled in the service, caught me once standing on a corner surrounded by eight kids. I was eating an ice cream cone.

"Where did you get it?" he demanded.

"We gave it to him, Mister," piped two little girls.

"Then I know you're a good cop," he said, and passed on.

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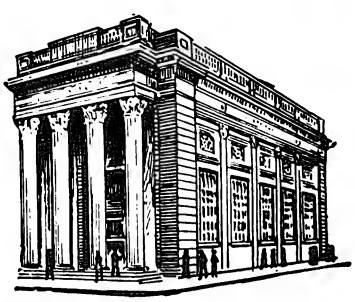

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Jewels or Jail

(*Continued from page* 25)

with me. I led the talk back to the Hollisters.

"Was that bunch of theatrical people up there last Saturday night?" I asked.

"Sure thing," was the reply.

"Was the brother with them?"

"Oh, yes. But I didn't see him around here this time."

I bought the clerk a cigar and strolled away toward the Hollister home.

Instead of going at once to the house I walked twice around the place sizing it up as if I were a burglar looking for a place to enter. One could hardly imagine a harder prospect from the burglar's point of view. The house was upon a bluff overlooking the Sound. All around it ran a red brick wall 12 feet high. On top of the wall were long iron spikes. On the side fronting toward the Sound was the lodge of the boatman; in the opposite corner of the ground was a small living house, evidently the home of the gardener, while in another corner were the stables and garage, with living quarters for coachman and chauffeur. To enter that house a burglar would have to scale the wall, risk detection from one of the three outlying houses, cross a long open space, and break into a house which obviously was well protected with safeguards. The more I looked at the house the more I became interested. If a burglar had entered and stolen those jewels he must be a man whom it would be an interesting task to run down. But had a burglar entered? Were there any burglars out of prison just then who would venture such a task?

I ran over the list of two-story men whom I knew to be at liberty then. None of them seemed of a class to perform a job like this. There was one man whom the job fitted—Peters, the gentleman burglar—but Peters was in the Federal prison at Leavenworth and so was eliminated.

I spent a long hour studying the house in this fashion; then I went back to the hotel and called up the agency to report for the day. Chief Mason himself answered my call.

"Say, Cornell," he said, "Hollister has been 'phoning the insurance company asking why they don't send out an investigator to look up his claim. What's the matter?"

As briefly and succinctly as I could I related all that I have here told.

"The thing doesn't look right from the outside," said I. "That's why I'm not reporting at the Hollister house."

The chief was silent for a moment.

"Are you sure her brother was out there Saturday?" he asked.

"That's the information I got here," I replied.

"Well," said he, "you go up to the house and report, and make your investigation. Come back to your hotel for the evening. And for heaven's sake, don't do anything to make them think you may not believe things are all right."

He rang off.

At the Hollister house I was ushered in at once to Col. Hollister on informing the butler of my mission.

"Rather late in getting here," said the colonel. He was an old man, and he was not happy, judging by his expression. He called Mrs. Hollister. She was a young, charming woman, yet somehow I could not get rid of

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the impression that she was still—there in her own home—playing a part. Together they took me over the scene of the robbery. Mrs. Hollister had been accustomed to keeping her jewels in her dressing table in her room. The room was on the second floor. Saturday night, while they were having an informal little dinner downstairs, the window of the room had been opened, the jewel drawer had been forced and the jewels taken.

"A plain case of robbery by someone who had studied the premises for a long time," said the colonel.

I asked a score of questions to throw them off the scent, and in the meantime I took a careful look at that window. It was thirty feet from the ground, in a flat wall. I looked at the marks on the frame; and then I nearly whistled in surprise. The marks were made by some clumsy round instrument not at all resembling the efficient jimmy of the experienced burglar.

"An amateur's job," I said to myself. I looked more closely, and saw that the window never had been forced open at all. It had been left unlocked! The marks had been put in for a blind, or I was no judge. To force open such windows as were in the Hollister house requires considerable leverage; and the marks of the tool used are sure to sink deep into the wood. In this case, the surface of the frame was only bruised—scarcely dented at all. The windows were not locked when the burglar came to do his work! Whoever had done the job had done it from the inside. The window had no part in it.

I thanked the Hollisters for their courtesy, excused myself because it was growing late, and said it would be necessary for me to pay another short visit to the house in the morning.

"I see that the man who did this job is an old, experienced hand," I said, as I took my departure. "The signs of an old-timer's work are all over the place. I'm afraid we'll have a hard time recovering your jewels, Mrs. Hollister, if we ever do."

As I said this I watched her closely and I thought that a slight look of relief seemed to flicker in her eyes; but instantly she began to lament. "Oh, I hope you do recover them. I never, never will be able to find such perfect stones in another set."

But all the time the impression was with me that this woman continued to play a part.

At the hotel I entered my room and stopped short in surprise on seeing Mr. Mason seated in my chair.

"Shut the door," he said. "Well, what did you find at the house?"

I told him. I was rather proud of my work. He smiled.

"Cornell," said he, "I picked you out for this case because I know you've got patience for digging up details, and you've certainly made good. I want to tell you, however, that when this case came in I had a hunch that we'd find something queer about it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "Mrs. Hollister's brother's reputation is no secret to me. And Mrs. Hollister's affection for him is known to be almost like a mother's."

We sat still and looked at each other for several long, silent seconds. The Chief waited for me to speak.

"Chief," I cried, "we'd better find this brother right away."

He burst out into his hearty laugh.

"Right, Cornell," he said. "But don't worry. I've had the whole office combing Manhattan Island for him ever since you telephoned in what you had found. If we don't find him soon the chase may be a long one."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because—unless we're all fools at reading the signs—that boy knows something about who got Mrs. Hollister's jewels, and if he does I'm afraid he wouldn't be disposed to stay on this side of the water any longer than he could help."

"Why?" I asked again.

"The Hollister jewels are too well known on this side to be sold here. And the brother, if he is in on this, will want to be in at the sale. Fortunately, you saw the light in a hurry and reported at once. I immediately got into communication with every ocean steamship line and told them to keep an eye open. Wynderling can hardly get out of this country unless he's already left the city to take a boat at some other port."

Just then a telephone call came for the chief. It was from Slavin, one of our men in the city.

"Wynderling is under shadow," was Slavin's report. "He's just reserved a birth on the Franconia, to sail tomorrow morning. He's sticking close to his room in the Delmont Hotel in the meantime."

"Don't lose sight of him on your life, Slavin," said the chief, and rang off.

"That about settles it," he said, turning to me. "Cornell, call up Mrs. Hollister, get her on the wire, and ask her if she will see you alone. If she asks why, tell her it's about her brother."

"But why?" I asked in bewilderment.

The chief smiled quizzically. "Why, because I happen to have a heart and a wife, Cornell," he said. "I see now how this thing is going to work out, and—and I want to spare Mrs. Hollister. Darn it, man, women are made queer. We'll give Mrs. Hollister a chance to—to save her brother."

I called up Mrs. Hollister and asked if she would consent to see me alone without her husband's knowledge.

"Why?" she demanded.

"I cannot say over the phone, Mrs. Hollister," I replied. "But—it is about your brother."

There was a silence of several seconds. Then came the answer: "Come to the house at once."

"Good," said the chief, "I'll go with you."

It was night now, and at the Hollister home we were ushered into the library by a maid. Presently Mrs. Hollister came in alone and closed the door behind her.

"What is it?" she cried. "What has happened to my brother?"

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Hollister," I said. "Nothing has happened to him, and nothing will—unless you wish it. It is all up to you."

"What is it?" she whispered. "Oh, what is it? Tell me."

"Mrs. Hollister," said the chief, "hasn't your brother been pressing you to give him large sums of money lately?"

Her eyes ran from one to the other of us, seeking to read what we knew. She wasn't acting now, and I felt sorry for her.

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"Isn't it a fact," continued the chief, "that Colonel Hollister refused to give you any more money to give your brother?"

She sank into a chair and sat staring at us in terror.

"Mrs. Hollister," said I, as gently as I could, "when you saw me looking at that window didn't you see that

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I knew as well as you did that no burglar had forced his way in there?"

She was dumb with terror; she strove to speak but the words would not come.

"And don't you know that my suspicions naturally pointed to your brother? And just now we've learned that he's booked to sail on the Franconia in the morning."

"And, Mrs. Hollister," said the chief with a gentleness I had never suspected him of, "we'll have to arrest your brother on suspicion if he attempts to sail—knowing what we do."

"What do you want me to do?" she cried suddenly, flinging out her arms. "Don't hurt that poor boy! What do you want me to do?"

I looked at the chief.

"Mrs. Hollister," said he, "we are only engaged to investigate this case for the Independent Burglary Insurance Company. Our duty at present merely is to report that we do not advise the payment of your claim without further investigation. Then we will be instructed to continue our investigation at once, which means that our duty would force us to take your brother into custody."

She thought it over for a few minutes. Then she went into the hall and called for her wraps and the big touring car.

"Where are you going madame?" asked the maid.

"I've got to run in to the Delmont Hotel," said Mrs. Hollister calmly, "I have an appointment there for this evening."

Late that night Col. Hollister called up Mr. Blaney of the Independent Burglary Insurance Company.

"I say, Blaney," said he, "drop that claim we presented for Mrs. Hollister's jewels. Luckiest thing in the world just happened. Mrs. Hollister's brother just came out to the house and took a walk down by the beach and found the jewel case with the stones all in it lying under a bunch of sand grass. Yes, yes; found them—all of them—yes; the burglars must have dropped them in making their escape.—Yes; probably escaped in a motor boat up the sound.—Yes. Smart boy, Mrs. Hollister's brother, Blaney. I'm going to do something handsome for him.—Yes; drop the claim completely. The jewels are back here safe in the house, and that's all we care for. Good night, Blaney, good night."

A few days later the news of the attempted burglary of the Hollister home leaked out, and the newspapers made a great ado over the finding of the stolen jewels. But I wonder what they would have done had they known at the time that what I have told here is the real story of how the Hollister jewels did not disappear.

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The Significance of the International Police Conference

(*Continued from page* 22)

cooperation was understood, and how far it extended.

Present among the delegates equally, alive to these needs, was Sir William Harcourt, of Scotland Yard. Among the earliest supporters of the International Conference was Johann Schober, President of the Police of Vienna. There exists no man whose experience is better calculated to enlighten him as to the world-wide necessity for police unity, for it was he, it will be remembered, who was the backbone of his country and who, with a little band of loyal policemen, literally saved the Austrian Republic from political and social chaos in the post-war crisis.

One may also fairly cite Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, as a no less ardent advocate of the cause. He saved a city from chaos when he crushed the police strike which left Boston at the mercy of the thugs and thieves who had gathered there for a jubilee of joyful and undisturbed activity in their various lines of criminal endeavor. President Coolidge himself was never a policeman, it is true, but he certainly is in a position to understand the needs not only of his own country, but of the world.

Facts and figures of all kinds are instantly at his command. He is aware of the estimate that there are at least two million crooks of various sorts. He knows that eleven thousand people annually are killed by crimes of violence and three times that many injured—about twice the total number of casualties that occurred in the Spanish-American War. In five years the number will almost equal that of our losses in the World War. Undoubtedly he understands that there are fashions in crimes; that different sorts are more prevalent than others in different countries, and even in different parts of the same country, but that every crime nevertheless is common to them all.

These men have been selected as examples simply because each is situated so differently from the others, yet all are alike in their realization of the universal need of that which the International Police Conference has for its essential object. In advocating the establishment of an international criminal identification bureau, President Coolidge directly endorsed what this Conference stands for.

The President was quite correct in his recommendation; an international criminal identification bureau is one of the first and most crying requirements for the safety of the world. For identification is, when all is done and said, the principal essential for the apprehension and conviction of any criminal, great or small. Such a bureau should have been established long ago, for it always would have been useful and feasible, though neither its importance nor the ease with which it could be maintained ever approximated present conditions.

In days not so long ago, cabled descriptions or photographs sent by mail were the sole means of distant identification. Then the Bertillon method of measurements offered a more concise and expeditious though not always certain method. So recently that all the world must remember it, finger-prints and photographs have been accurately reproduced by radio and wire.

Special apparatus is necessary in order directly to accomplish this, it is true. But by means of the Danish system finger-prints may be identified, and by the Italian methods portraits are reproduced in a very satisfactory manner, over ordinary commercial wires, or any other means of communication, which can convey numbers from one place to another without the use of any special instrument save a standardized chart at each end. Thus, when the Central Bureau is properly organized, it will mean when a general alarm is sent out, that within an hour or two the unmistakable means for identification of the wanted fugitive will be in practically every police station of every civilized nation of the world, and in those of some nations whose claims to civilization may be open to question.

At the present time, when the modern means for swift and facile transportation—motor-cars, trains, fast liners and even aircraft—are at the super-criminal's command, even the veriest layman and scoffer cannot fail to discern the importance of such an institution. It is, however, only the first step toward the goal which the International Police Conference has in view.

That each country has its own peculiar police problems, and its own methods of dealing with them, also that these methods differ very widely in a great many respects, are axiomatic facts. In the present connection

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they are not, however, of the slightest consequence. Generally speaking, the methods of each country are those best suited to its local needs. If methods originating in some other land are improvements, it is at liberty to adopt them. A free interchange of methods and technical information of all sorts is one of the things which the International Conference already accomplishes. But this, so to speak, is a by-product.

The International Conference is composed of policemen, all of high rank and all with the capacity for thinking, without which such rank would be impossible of attainment. However they may disagree—and they often do disagree, as to minor matters of procedure or administration——understanding of the deeper meaning of the organization of which each is a part is common to all.

They know that they and their men are the soldiers of peace; that war is a crime and that the armies of war must decline with the lessening occasions for their use. They realize that the enemies of society, organized or otherwise, are international in their scope—for boundaries and flags mean nothing to them—so must their opponents become internationalized in order to cope with them. They realize that with the rigid suppression of crime which will become possible, the causes of national friction cannot retain their edges, and that nations at peace will frown more and more upon war.

Their common belief, in short, may be summed up in that one word; cooperation. Cooperation, to the end that this wicked but knowing old world may heave a long sigh of contentment as it grasps the assurance of continued peace.

The Artistic Touch

(*Continued from page* 13)

"I have it—all," replied Lafitte. "I give it all back." His voice was sad and he seemed to bear the weight of a great tragedy in his brown eyes. There was a suspicion of tears in their sparkle.

Mrs. Merrivane came forward, smiling. "I don't want you to go to prison," she exclaimed. "If you'll just give me back the things you——took——I won't say anything about it."

McFarland frowned heavily. "That's up to the prosecuting attorney now, Mrs. Merrivane. This man is under arrest for robbery. I can't turn him loose, even if I wanted to."

"Oh, but Mr. McFarland, think a moment," she pleaded. "It will ruin his life. And he is a genius. This will be the turning point in his life."

The big detective looked at her quietly. "Mrs. Merrivane, I've looked into Lafitte's record a little. He's no artist. He's a fake. He has a little talent, yes. And he uses it as he used it on you. If you don't let the law take its course, he'll go right out and repeat his artistic touch on somebody else as——as unsophisticated as you are."

McFarland realized that with the court calendar cluttered as it always was, there was every chance that Lafitte would escape unless Mrs. Merrivane prosecuted the charge. He also knew that men like Lafitte invariably found women like Mrs. Merrivane to prey upon.

But she was insistent. Moreover she was sincere

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in her kindness. It is strange how a man who has become hardened and outwardly callous to the softer emotions, will understand and respond to those emotions in another. It was that way with McFarland now. He found himself admiring her kindness.

"Suppose you let me talk to Lafitte alone for a few minutes," he suggested.

"Certainly." She left them, with a soft swish of silken skirts.

McFarland turned on the slender, handsome youth beside him.

"Now get me, you rat," he said, calmly enough, but with ominous threat in his voice; "I'm going to watch every move you make, if you get out of this. You're not even a fair crook. You use your pretty face and your artistic touch to hurt decent women who don't understand your breed. This little woman here, for instance——she needs a keeper . . . . .

"But understand this, Lafitte. I've got enough on you to send you up for twenty years. Make a bad move and up you go—if she gets you out of this. Do you get me?"

After an appreciable interval, Mrs. Merrivane knocked and came into the room when McFarland called. She was smiling, but with a new expression. She looked at Lafitte.

"I believe I've changed my mind, Lafitte," she said. "After all, the law is the law and I've no right to interfere."

The man started and raised his hands pleadingly. But Mrs. Merrivane was quite firm. McFarland took him away presently and the case went on the regular docket for trial. Before they sent Lafitte to the penitentiary, he told where he had stored his stolen wealth and McFarland took it back to Mrs. Merrivane.

"After all," she said, "you had the artistic touch much more finely than Lafitte. It was your sincerity that convinced me he ought to be jailed. Although I didn't exactly like to hear you say that I needed a keeper——"

She caught herself and looked at him, her eyes full of merriment.

"Then you listened at the keyhole that day I talked to him," said McFarland.

"Won't you forgive me? I'm just a woman," she pleaded.

It won't surprise you to learn that shortly after that, Mrs. Merrivane acquired a keeper. He looked like a detective and he was one—a good one.

The Silent Witness Speaks

(*Continued from page* 32)

ing picked up by the police throughout the country, no matter for what cause, were largely of foreign manufacture.

When these foreign-made arms were fired, and the bullets recovered, measured, and studied, it was apparent that rifling dimensions in use abroad were different in a marked degree from the American standards. Until foreign rifling standards could be obtained, it stood to reason that the data then in hand would be of little use.

The present-day hold-up man was apparently pinning his faith to the cheap foreign-made "gat" easily obtainable in the underworld or through countless mail-order

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houses, the Sullivan law in New York State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Waite endeavored to obtain such foreign data by correspondence, but without success.

If the work commenced was to be of any practical value, the rifling standards of every type of revolver or pistol in common use in America had to be secured, together with other pertinent data.

Major James B. Ord, U.S.A., who at the time was stationed in Paris, was a friend on whom Mr. Waite could rely, and he was asked to assist in collecting the European data. He cabled his O.K. Mr. Waite, with letters from the Chief of the Military Intelligence Service of the War Department, and from the Department of Commerce in Washington instructing their representatives abroad to assist, joined Ord in Paris at the earliest opportunity. The latter went on leave, and as he speaks more or less fluently the languages of Western Europe, and in addition was versed in the technique of ballistics, his aid was of the greatest possible value.

Ord and Waite started on their journey through the foreign gun factories with results that were in every way satisfactory. Not only were the rifling standards obtained, but other surprising facts were developed. As an illustration, firms that advertised themselves as manufacturers of guns, and issued voluminous catalogs, turned out to be either dealers only, or in some instances merely assemblers of parts. But more important was the fact that revolvers and automatic pistols sold in the United States, though identical in origin, were often marketed under different names. As an instance, revolvers sold under the trade names of "Bear Cat", "Frontier Special", "Wild Cat", and "Apache", contain barrels all rifled on the same machine, and among automatics the rifling of the barrels of the "Paramount", "Dreadnaught", "Panther", "Trench", and "Vilar", is identical.

Just as the finger print of the crook will disclose his various aliases, so the rifling standards and data now in the records of Mr. Waite will identify the origin of the gun. For reasons that are perhaps apparent, many makers abroad were satisfied to dispose of their product devoid of any marks, in some instances even omitting serial numbers. Under present conditions the country of origin must be stamped on the gun; it will otherwise fail to meet the customs regulations. But while the maker did not tag his product with a model name, or his own, there would often appear on it some sort of cryptic impress which was in fact a registered mark. As far as possible, Mr. Waite obtained these marks and they are so arranged in his Bureau of Identification that he or his associates can at once identify the origin of a gun bearing them.

A photograph of one of the pages from the volume in which these "Registered Marks" are detailed is shown on page 35.

The facts that he amassed were more complete of their sort than any which ever before had been gathered into the hands of one man; and circumstances have rendered it impossible for any other man to duplicate this achievement. Very clearly this information lighted the path that led to his goal.

After Mr. Waite returned from abroad, it required some months to transpose the foreign shop standard measurements from the metric system to their equiva-

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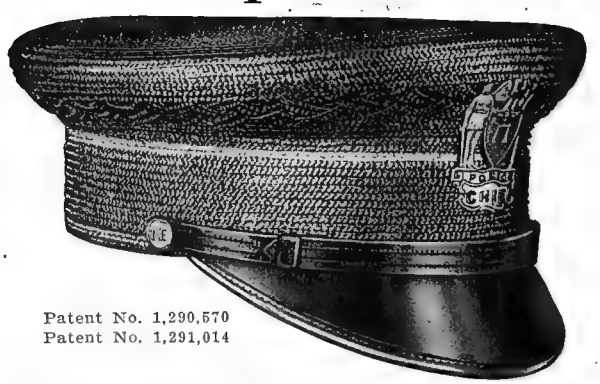

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lents in decimal parts of an inch. His collection of shop standards now covers in minute detail practically all modern American and foreign makes of pistols used in this country—the only collection of such data in the world.

No one knows for a certainty how many models of center, rim and pinfire pistols have thus far been marketed. Probably there are, in the United States alone, several hundred models, the products of scores of makers, which, manufactured over short periods only, have long been out of general circulation and now appear only in collections or in out-of-the-way places, but the data obtained by Mr. Waite give the rifling or other details of no less than:

Revolvers and Pistols (Non-Automatic)				*Automatic Pistols*			
162	Models	of	.22 caliber	2	models	of	.22 caliber
36	"	"	.25 "	134	"	"	.25 "
15	"	"	.30 "	4	"	"	.30 "
5	"	"	.31 "	119	"	"	.32 "
296	"	"	.32 "	1	"	"	.35 "
34	"	"	.320 "	29	"	"	.38 "
250	"	"	.38 "	13	"	"	.380 "
34	"	"	.380 "	6	"	"	.45 "
31	"	"	.41 "	1	"	"	.455 "
93	"	"	.44 "				
24	"	"	.45 "	309			
16	"	"	.450 "				
12	"	"	.455 "				
3	"	"	.50 "				
1029							

As rapidly as possible, all available data concerning makes and models which do not already appear in the above registry are being collected.

In Europe Mr. Waite listed the cheap pistols which are dumped, almost literally in shipload lots, on the markets of the world in general and those of the United States in particular. Everyone who has the most elementary knowledge of such matters is aware that every reputable foreign arms manufacturer has a trade or other mark by which his output is known; and some of these weapons were forgeries in whole or in part. They would either frankly reproduce the well-known emblems or else —for example—use a zebra in place of the horse which is the punning Colt cognizance, or substitute a monogram like that of Smith & Wesson, using other letters so drawn and interlaced that without close inspection they would be taken for the initials of that famous old firm.

This transparent device ought, of course, to fool nobody—but it does. It has even fooled some policemen, who certainly should know better. One of the most notorious offenders in this is a Spanish firm. They have no factory, but they do own the registered trade names of certain models and have these guns made for them by various makers. They have warehouses and they also have offices and—especially—they have catalogues, which are sent far and wide. They do not misrepresent their wares; the catalogues state that they advertise weapons of the Colt or Smith & Wesson "system", and leave direct swindling to the retailers who purchase them. A sheet from their catalogue is shown on page 32.

This firm, and others which operate along the same

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lines, send forth products of dubious quality, it is true. But there is worse junk than theirs—any amount of it—very nearly all now coming from Spain, where there is no compulsory inspection of firearms intended for export—where, indeed, the government proof-house was instituted only a year ago.

Concerning this stuff, made of the cheapest possible material thrown together with no regard for results other than the exterior finish which would enable it to sell, a few figures concerning the amount which enters our country will be far more eloquent than the most caustic comment.

Year	*No. of Pistols*	*Declared Value*	*Average Value*
1920	36,597	$169,217	$4.62
1921	205,200	674,229	3.29
1922	558,691	1,702,754	3.04
1923	133,942	431,238	3.21
1924	235,525	539,138	2.28

In 1922 the tariff stepped in to make an ineffectual gesture. In five years 1,169,955 weapons entered the United States at an average cost to the American wholesalers who purchased them of $3.00 each.

As indicating how the foreign manufacturer has cheapened his product to meet the tariff conditions now enforced, two items from the figures of 1924 importations are illuminating. Out of the total of 235,525 guns imported during that year at an average declared value of $2.28 each, 208,569 were entered at the Port of New York at an average declared value of $2.24, while 11,262 were cleared through the Port of Chicago, their average declared value working out at $1.88 each. One sees them advertised in certain periodicals for sale at $6.25 or thereabouts, always about one-third the price of the cheapest decent gun.

Practically every firearm except "scatter-guns" now is rifled. The degree of pitch—that is, the amount of twist in the grooves—varies not only in accordance with the purpose of the arm and the sort of ammunition used, but also between arms of the same general sort put out by different manufacturers. Each has his own formulae, and these rarely or never are altered. Therefore by measuring the angle made by the axis of a bullet and the marks left on its sides by the rifling, the make and model of the pistol from which it was fired can be ascertained with practical certainty.

To make these measurements with the necessary accuracy is anything but the simple matter which, to a layman, it might appear to be. And this measurement was only one of many which had to be made before the full record of any bullet could be read.

Mr. Waite had collected data without which such measurements would be meaningless, but his acquaintanceship with instruments of minute precision was merely the general knowledge possessed by any educated man; and besides, no instruments of the kind required for this purpose were in existence. He realized that specialists were required; and not only specialists, but men whose love of the work would lead them to regard achievement as its own reward. Here once more his luck stayed with him.

In the course of months of assiduous search he was able to gather a group of experts whose various specialities cover every branch of the sciences with which he deals. With them he organized a bureau for the operation of his system, and established headquarters at 4

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East 28th Street, New York. There he has placed his facilities for the identification of pistols at the free use of members of the International Police Conference.

There are associated with Mr. Waite in this bureau three men. There is Major Calvin H. Goddard, of New York City, late of the regular army, an all-around gun expert, who resigned a lucrative executive position in order to devote all his time to this work. Then, Philip O. Gravelle, of South Orange, New Jersey; the only American ever awarded the Barnard Medal by the (British) Photo-micrographic Society, and an internationally-known expert in microphotography. Finally, John H. Fisher, a physicist, formerly connected with the Bureau of Standards, whose specialties are micro-measurements and analysis, microscopical and chemical, of fibers, lints, gunpowders, blood-stains and dust.

To find the actual diameter of a bullet is simple enough; one has only to add the widths of the grooves and lands, then divide the result by pi; that is, 3.14159265 and as many more decimals as one chooses to employ, for fifteen thousand have been worked out. If the diameter thus established is within the limits of tolerance permitted by any known manufacturer, well and good, but in some of the cheaper makes those limits are either lacking or are so wide as to be useless for purposes of identification. The angle of pitch must be measured, and for this a new instrument was designed by Max Poser, one of the world's greatest experts.

The instrument is a compound microscope, in which the bullet is placed, fixed in a holder which allows any portion of its surface to be brought into the field. The eye-piece of this microscope, provided with a graduated arc, can be rotated. A movable hair-line, with a micrometer arrangement which measures to the ten-thousandth of an inch, is brought to a junction with the edge of a groove and the angle is read. Then, by reference to tables already worked out, the rate of pitch is established.

The information thus obtained is important always, and frequently is of vital importance, yet it pales into comparative insignificance beside the next question to be answered. This is the one—an uncommonly simple one, to be sure—upon which the Stielow case depended, namely, was the fatal bullet fired from a certain pistol, and no other?

With a cheap pistol this question can be answered with comparative ease. But it now, though never before, can be answered with certainty, no matter what pistol in present use is in question. No two objects in nature or art are absolutely identical; that is an axiom that every schoolboy knows. Rifling tools, of hardest steel, wear perceptibly and differently, each time they are passed through a pistol-barrel in the process of manufacture. Each time they leave minute marks which are never twice alike, and it is these marks, faithfully reproduced on any bullet that is fired through the barrel that bears them, that are in effect a signature which cannot be forged.

Adequately to read this signature, and to compare it with an authentic original, Mr. Gravelle and his associates evolved another device. This is a double microscope with the two fields united, by means of prisms, in a single eye-piece. A test bullet, fired through the suspected gun, and the bullet which has caused death, are mounted on holders especially designed for the purpose,

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by means of which the bullets can be turned separately or together and one bullet is placed on the stage of each microscope. By means of the prismatic eye-piece, portions of the two bullets are seen as one. If the lines which appear on one image are coincident with those seen on the corresponding groove of the other, the two bullets have been fired from the same pistol. Otherwise they have not. There is no doubt or question possible. It simply is so. A photograph on page 30 illustrates this.

Mr. Waite's system has been investigated by many experts, notably Third Deputy Police Commissioner Joseph A. Faurot of New York, who won the first finger-print cases in this country; Justices Ford, Guy and O'Malley of the New York Supreme Court; Professor Salvatore Ottolenghi, Director of the Scientific Police School of the Italian Police; M. Florent E. Louwage, Officier Judiciaire Principal, Brussels, Belgium, and M. Louis Lacambre, Director, Police Judiciaire, Paris, France.

Professor Ottolenghi, who has spent a lifetime in scientific police work, has indorsed Mr. Waite's system in the following letter:

TRANSLATION

WALDORF ASTORIA
NEW YORK.

I have visited the laboratory of Mr. Charles E. Waite, who showed me the apparatus made by him, also the method devised by him for the identification of bullets.

I have examined:

1. The microscopes used for bringing out the characteristics of identity in bullet scratches, grooves, etc. in the most minute particulars of form, dimension and direction, and also for the exact comparison of the characteristics of a bullet used in a crime with those of a bullet fired as a test with a certain weapon.
2. A graduated apparatus that permits the measuring of the most minute variations of caliber in the barrel of a pistol, so that they can be clearly established.
3. Photographic reproductions made with the microscope with great care and exactitude.

From my observations I am convinced Mr. Waite employs a rigorous scientific method and uses apparatus which is precise. The combination of the two factors places him in a position to ascertain precisely the identity of a bullet or of a firearm.

New York, May 30th, 1925.

Professor Salvatore Ottolenghi.

Deputy Commissioner Faurot says:

"Waite has discovered a science and invented a method of applying it, as infallible, as practicable, as revolutionary and as valuable in criminology as fingerprinting itself."

The essence of Mr. Waite's system is the combination of the highly scientific microscopic method of irrefutably linking a bullet with a pistol that fired it, and his highly elaborate set of records of pistol riflings. This latter index to the identification of the pistols of the world probably never will be duplicated. It is just as precious as its mate—the system of identifying a pistol by the bullet it has fired.

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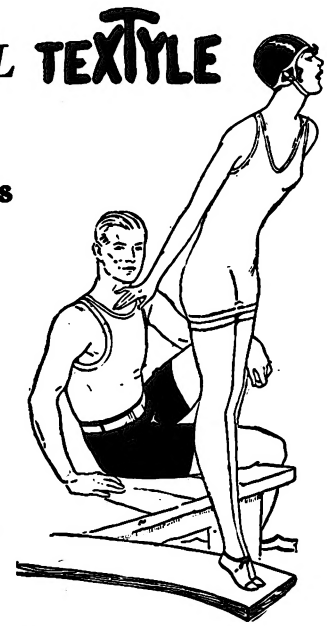

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